HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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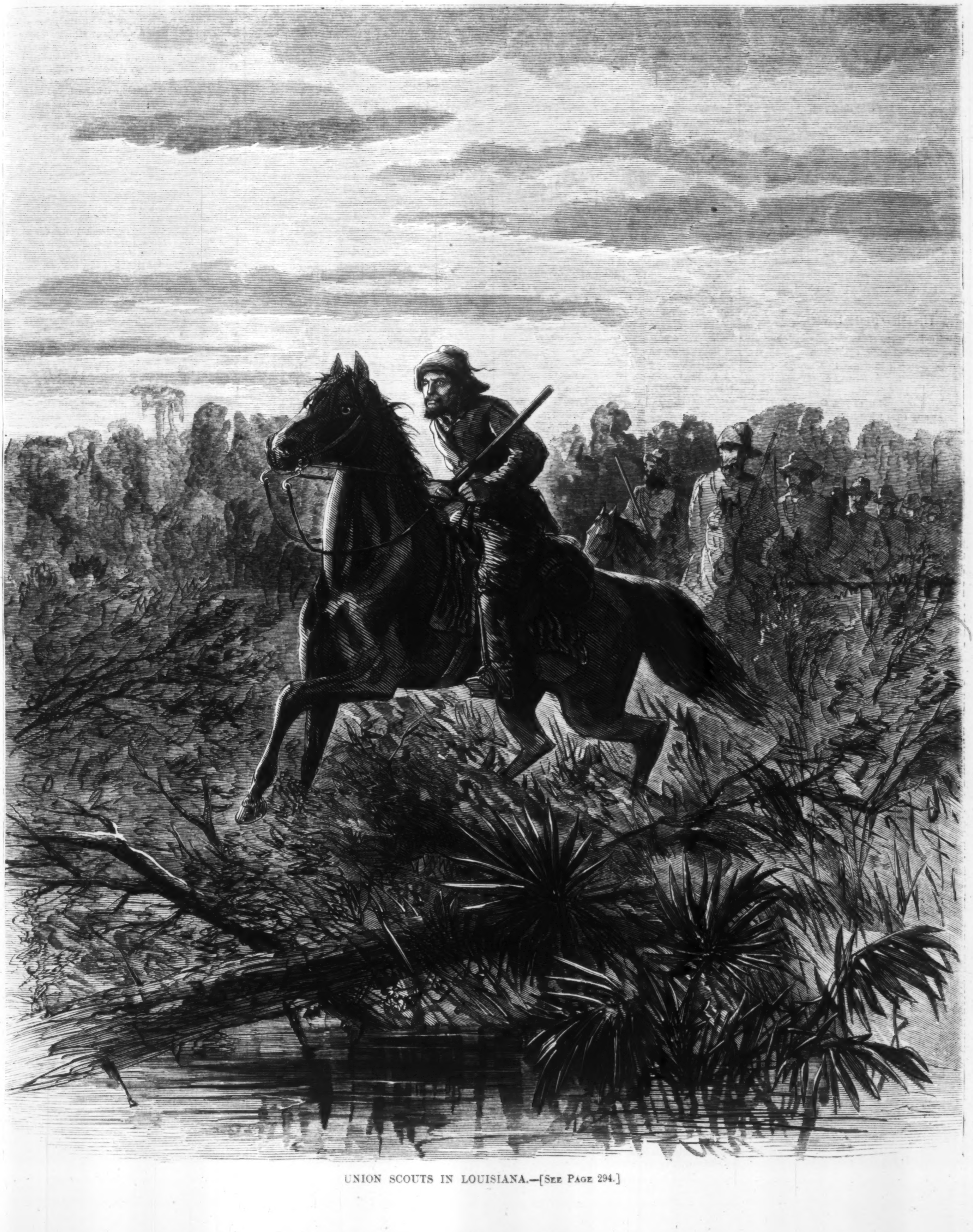


UNION SCOUTS IN LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 294.]

OUR DEAD ARMIES.

Two hundred thousand rank and file are they,
Under the Captains of fulfilled renown,
Led to immortal triumph since the day
On which they won the hero's perfect crown.

They march in silent lines compact and strong,
Enfranchised from all human doubt and dread;
No mortal tremors through faint pulses throng
In the unshrinking armies of the dead.

No straggler slinks away in pallid fear,
No sick list swells before the battle day—
No mixed and broken columns throng the rear
When on the front war's booming engines play.

They are invincible in hand and heart;
Before the fight their victory is sure;
From elbow-touching comrade none shall part—
None shall the after-thirst of wounds endure.

No cry for help from front ranks pressed and sore
Rises above the storm of fire and hail;
They hold each forward post forevermore,
And no supports are needed lest they fail.

The fortresses they guard shall never yield
To gnawing famine or to bursting shell;
No widening breach shall ever be revealed,
No pallid flag its tale of shame shall tell.

They ask no furlough ere the next campaign;
Through the dark winter hours of storm and frost,
Fixed as the earth's foundations they remain,
The whole two hundred thousand, at their post.

Their term of service with no time expires;
The hidden future need shall see them stand
With changeless front to guard the altar fires
Set up to Freedom on a ransomed land.

Oh, Armies of the Dead! In tears and pain
They were enlisted for the eternal years,
To keep humanity's fair name from stain,
To lay forever all its rising fears.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 7, 1864.

UNION FOR UNION.

THERE are three classes of persons engaged in manufacturing opinion hostile to the Union Convention called at Baltimore. First, the enemies of the American Government and human liberty known as Copperheads. Second, the declared opponents of Mr. Lincoln's nomination in any case whatever. This class calls the Baltimore call "insolent!" and criticises the Administration with all the acridity of the fiercest rebel journals. Third, the class which is wholly devoted to the country and to liberty, but is dissatisfied with the influences that surround the President, and are persuaded that Mr. Seward and Mr. Blair are almost as dangerous to the good cause as Jefferson Davis or Lee. This class wishes the Convention to be postponed until after General Grant has fought, and, in any case, asks that the terms of the call may be so changed as to include War Democrats and all other loyal Union men.

As to the first part of their objection, it is clear that under no circumstances whatever could the policy of a man like the President be altogether agreeable to them. It will always be a more cautious and patient policy than they approve. The practical point, therefore, for them to decide is, whether, looking at the whole course of his administration, the cause will be imperiled by its continuance; or whether, all the circumstances considered, any other man known to us is more likely than he to accomplish the great work. If they know such a man, clearly it is their duty to persuade the country to adopt him. If they merely wish that there were such a one, do not the times require something else than expressions of regret and dissatisfaction? If they believe the continued presence of Mr. Seward and Mr. Blair in the Cabinet to be detrimental to the country, let the attack upon those gentlemen be made openly, fairly, and incessantly. But let it be based upon facts, and not upon rumors nor bald assertions. When the President is persuaded that the cause is injured by any of his advisers, and that public opinion demands their removal, we are very sure they will be removed. But a dumb dissatisfaction is of no use. Why should a few men go to Washington and privately decry any secretary to the President? The public have a right to know, at such a time as this, why any great change is made in high public officers, and therefore the discussion should be as open as possible. The treatment of General Butler was formerly one of the chief charges against what was called the influence of Mr. Seward. Well, Mr. Seward remains, and General Butler declares himself to be entirely satisfied with his present treatment. We are not defending Mr. Seward nor denouncing him; but our friends ought to bear in mind that it is very easy to overestimate the influence of an obnoxious person.

Now in the matter of the call to the Convention. It is surprising that any man who has carefully read it should call it narrow, partisan, or exclusive. It is as comprehensive as patriotism, and as little tainted by party-spirit. Indeed we do not understand how a better call could have been issued. It is addressed to "all qualified voters who desire the unconditional maintenance of the Union, the supremacy of the Constitution, and the complete suppression of the existing rebellion, *with the cause thereof,* by vigorous war, and *all apt and efficient means.*" Such voters are requested to elect delegates. Is this not a platform upon which every loyal Union man can stand, Generals Butler and Dix, Mr. Dickinson and Senator Johnson equally with Generals Frémont and Banks, Mr. Weed and Senator Sumner? How could it be simpler, broader, better?

Every man who wishes to see equal popular rights established in all the States, and the final overthrow of the oligarchical spirit which generated the rebellion, and is a perpetual insurrection against our national peace and freedom, is invited to take part in the elections to the Convention by the very terms of the call, "the complete suppression * * * of the cause of the rebellion." Its complete suppression is its total destruction by the establishing of equal rights. To change the form of the call to "all who are in favor of the people against an aristocracy" does not change its nature, nor make it broader or stronger. It is already addressed to those very persons and to none other. It certainly is not addressed to gentlemen like the Seymours, Vallandigham, the Woods, Long, and Harris, nor to Jefferson Davis and his Confederates. But to every loyal Union man who wishes to establish peace upon equal liberty it is addressed with a directness that he can not avoid.

And how is it a party call? It is issued, indeed, by the Chicago Committee; but that is a necessity of the case. That Committee is the recognized representative of a great mass of voters, and speaks by their authority. And by that authority a party platform is repudiated altogether. Had a few gentlemen of the several late political organizations combined in a call, it would have had the force of their personal influence, but it could not have been so weighty as if they had been by consent of the voters, their representatives. And it is obvious that at this time the fact of the late party ties of the Committee is of no importance whatever, in view of the entire absence of partisan character in their call. They propose nothing but the salvation of the country by every necessary means, specifying the destruction of slavery as one of them. Can this, in candor, be stigmatized as a party call or a narrow call? Is there a loyal citizen any where in the country, whatever his party antecedents, who may not heartily and wholly respond to it? And is it not the duty of all men who wish as little division as possible among the true enemies of the rebellion to refrain from hypercriticism upon the terms of a call which was intended and is framed to include every earnest and unconditional Union man in the country?

The Union men are unquestionably the mass of the people of the free States. But they must not forget that every spring and autumn the elections are not unanimous. They must remember that last November Pennsylvania was carried by less than twenty thousand majority for the Union, and that if the summer campaign in the field is unsuccessful we shall need all our unity and ardor to withstand the disarrangement which will ensue. Let us seek, then, rather for grounds of union than of difference. We can not all be satisfied altogether. Shall we not take counsel of our patience and faith in justice and the people rather than of impatience and distrust?

THREATS.

It is a very important question how far the menaces of refusal to abide by the nomination of the Union Convention at Baltimore which are uttered by the immediate friends and supporters of General Frémont are authorized by him. Has General Frémont interests different from those of the country? Is his nomination so essential to the national cause that the cause itself may be risked in order to secure it? We are unwilling to believe that he would acknowledge it. Yet he must be fully aware that it is privately and publicly asserted that he means to be a candidate in any case; that those who declare their intention under no circumstances to vote for Mr. Lincoln, even if he be nominated, use the name of Frémont as their rallying cry; and that his continued silence under such circumstances is an injury to the national cause. Certainly if General Frémont should declare that he means to abide by the decision of the Convention, he would neither decrease the favor of the Convention toward him nor the respect with which so many Union men, who intend to support the Baltimore nomination, have been accustomed to regard him.

Those who speak in his name repudiate the action of the Union Convention in advance, because they declare that it will not represent the people, but the politicians; and they propose to obviate this difficulty by calling another Convention. *Quis custodiet custodes?* How is the new Convention to be purged of politicians? These gentlemen object that the Baltimore Convention will be packed to nominate Mr. Lincoln. And what is their remedy? To pack another at Cleveland to nominate General Frémont. But which is the more promising alternative?—an unpledged assembly called to nominate the best candidate, whoever he may be, or one which is called to defeat the nomination of a certain candidate? The friends of General Frémont have as fair a chance to send delegates to the Baltimore Convention as the friends of any other candidate; and when they declare that they will have nothing to do with it, they say very frankly that, as they can not hope to control it, they will repudiate it.

If this is the spirit which animates them—if the interests of one man are dearer to them than the welfare of the country—if they are seriously resolved to resist the nomination of the Union Convention, if it should not be that of their favorite, and to bring a third candidate into the field, the incalculable misfortunes which may befall the country in consequence will be justly attributable to them. When the order relieving General Frémont of the command of the Western Department reached him in camp near Springfield, Missouri, more than a hundred officers came to his tent, threw their swords upon the ground, and declared their intention to retire with him. "Take up your swords, gentlemen," said Frémont; "remember that you are the soldiers of a cause, not of a man." Has the General himself now ceased to be the soldier of a cause?

RELUCTANT JUSTICE.

The Senate has at length done its duty in providing for the equal payment of the colored troops, and for the fulfillment of the promises made by authority to those already enlisted. The House ought not to delay for a day to agree to the bill. For nothing is clearer than that the policy of employing colored troops should be renounced altogether, or that we should treat them honorably. Professor Peck, of Oberlin College, who has investigated the condition of these troops on the Atlantic coast, reports that the difference of pay between them and white soldiers is rapidly demoralizing them. Chaplain Conway writes to the same effect. At Fort Esperenza, in Texas, a colored battalion of the Fourteenth Rhode Island Artillery refused to receive their pay, and declared themselves out of the service; and the sad case of Sergeant Walker in Florida, who was shot because he would not submit to be cheated by the authority of the United States, is fresh in our memories, and will always be shameful for our name. And while we refuse to treat these brave men honorably the rebels massacre them like dogs. The rebel conduct is fiendish, but at least it is consistent. If men, because they are of a certain color, may justly be deprived of liberty and all the other rights of human nature, they may certainly be deprived of life at the will of their captors. Massacre, barbarism, the most shocking inhumanity, are to be expected in a people who have been unfortunately bred under the slave system. But we have the right to require manliness and honor and justice of those who have been more fortunate. Shall we sacrifice the good name of our native land to the indulgence of a wretched prejudice?

"Well," says some reader, "I think they had better be paid—but what a pity that we had to call upon them to help us!" Why so? Why should the Government be dearer to any one class of citizens than to another? When it is threatened why should not the call for its defense be universal? You don't think it a pity to call in the aid, as soldiers, of foreigners of every race; why is it so that native Americans of every hue should be summoned? The remark is only an evidence of the far-reaching taint of the slavery from which our troubles spring. For, except for the system which brands black men as pariahs, it would be as natural, and as much of course, that they should fight for the Government which protected their rights in common with all others, as that Gascons and Normans should fight together for France, or Scotchmen, Welshmen, and Yorkshiremen for England.

Of all the inane remarks with which the earlier days of the war were rife none was more ludicrously silly than the exclamation, "Well, if white men can't put down this rebellion it had better succeed." It might as wisely have been said, "If the men with pug noses, or red whiskers, or who are five feet high, or the blue-eyed men, or the left-handed men, can't suppress it, it had better not be suppressed." The spirit which makes this kind of discrimination is one which entirely misapprehends the character of our Government. It is not a Government of any class of men whatever, but of all the people, of every descent, complexion, or race they may be. The cause of the United States is the cause of human nature, said James Madison, speaking for the Continental Congress. And in the introduction to the edition of the *Federalist,* just published by Lippincott, Mr. John C. Hamilton records with emphasis the well-known sentiments of his father: "All men have one common original: they participate in one common nature, and consequently have one common right." His son and editor adds, "He meant the whole human race, and looked to the emancipation of the blacks as part of the great sacrifice to be laid by the American people on the altar of freedom." If we had always believed and acted as the fathers of our Government believed we should have had no war. Long ago the purely arbitrary distinctions between citizens would have been destroyed. And when we fully believe our own principle, and bring the Government to conform, we shall have permanent and prosperous peace, and not before.

ART CRITICISM.

Last week we welcomed the art criticisms of the *Tribune* for their sincerity and ability, however we might differ with the judgments they expressed. This week we wish to speak of the utterly unfair way in which those criticisms have been attacked. They are the plainest opinions of pictures founded upon principles plainly stated, and they are denounced as "personal injuries." The critic is insulted, if not threatened, in private speech and in published communications, for a faithful performance of his duty. But the insult is addressed to every man who discusses art quite as much as to the individual critic, and every journalist ought to take up the gage thus truculently thrown down.

The only open question in the whole matter is, whether there has been any personal attack made by the critic; a question which the most exasperated artist will not dare to answer in the affirmative. Their names are used merely as representatives of their paintings, as we say "a Titian," "a Raphael," "a Teniers." When, for instance, the critic says that the promise of Mr. Kensett is fading away in such pictures as the October Afternoon upon Lake George and the Massachusetts Coast, you may not agree with him; but it is perfectly clear that he is no more insulting Mr. Kensett than if he should say that he thought Mr. Farrer had a truer eye for nature than Mr. Kensett. And even if there had been personality in the criticisms, certainly the account has been balanced by the petulant, and contemptuous, and, we must add, contemptible personality of the rejoinders.

But what right has the critic to write as he does? Simply the right that every man has to express his opinions. If he have insufficient knowledge—if he be merely presumptuous, shallow, and conceited, he writes himself down an ass much more emphatically than any one else can write him by calling him so. If you ask what right he has to have an opinion, you ask a question not worth an answer. Or, again, if you demand what he knows of pictures, the reply is, that the articles themselves answer. If they show that he knows nothing, why all the exasperation? Mr. Leutze, for instance, paints a picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware. He has thought upon his subject, he has studied and practiced his art. His picture may be assumed to be the result of long reflection and preparation. He paints it so and not otherwise, because he is convinced that so it ought to be. Now, is it conceivable that, if the artist be correct in his conception and method, so elaborate a work is to lose in reputation because somebody who knows nothing looks at it and says, "It is all false?" If the artist be as profoundly convinced as he should be before painting that or any picture that it is all true, are he or his friends likely to be more than amused or interested if some ignoramus pronounces it unnatural in conception and extravagant in execution?

Or is nobody to express an opinion of pictures except painters themselves? The same rule must then be applied to all other arts. Only poets must criticise poetry; only musicians music. Motley only may be allowed to criticise Bancroft. Bryant must be the sole critic of Longfellow. But if any one has often listened to music in the company of musicians, or if he recalls what he may have heard painters say of each other's pictures, he can readily fancy whether criticism would be gentler if it were confined in every art to experts in that art. Are pictures painted for painters or for the public? Do poets sing for poets or for the world? Why are the works of the year annually exhibited in the National Academy if it be not that their merits may be judged by the public taste? Has a man no right as he looks at the present Exhibition to prefer M'Entee to Gifford, or Gifford to Cole, or Cole to Hubbard, or Hubbard to Coleman, or Coleman to any body else? We can not too strongly condemn the spirit which has been displayed in the rejoinders to the *Tribune* criticisms, as if it were a mortal offense in a critic to say that Church is not a great painter and that Farrer is; that Lafarge is untrue to nature and Hennessy is true.

But is it not unkind, you ask, to speak of any men as Huntington and Durand are spoken of in those articles? They are denied every kind of excellence. Very well, grant that it is unpleasant; but what is the way to meet such criticism? Is it to declare that gentlemen of such unblemished lives and amiable characters must necessarily paint fine pictures; or to show that they do paint them? We are very sure of the answer both of the gentlemen named would give to the question. They would say that neither they nor any painters had a prescriptive claim to praise, and that, as artists, they must be judged by their works. They stand exactly as Bryant stands in a kindred art—as indeed every artist always stands, at the mercy of any man who can show that their reputation is unfounded.

Yet once more, we shall be asked if it is not ungenerous in any man to spoil another man's market for his wares? Here, we are told, are some young artists who club together, and hope to realize a pretty sum by the sale of their studies and pictures, and on the very eve of the sale an article appears, with a knowing air, in a leading paper, declaring that the pictures are unworthy the gentlemen who offer them for sale. The community of buyers, who are not very sure of their own taste, are alarmed, and they refrain from buying lest they should make themselves ridiculous. Is this, we are asked, not rather hard upon young artists who, in any case, have no very easy path to tread? Now surely this is not an honorable question for the friends of the artists to put, since it implies that the pictures would, except for the criticism, have been sold under a misapprehension. Do the artists wish higher prices paid for their works than they are fairly worth; and how is that worth to be established but by a frank expression of opinion? Are authors also to be allowed to protest against adverse criticism, because it injures the sale of their books? If, indeed, a man paints a picture as a piece of furniture, and merely wishes to get the highest price he can for it, without regard to its intrinsic value or to the intelligence of the purchaser—counting, indeed, upon the ignorance of the buyer—he must be held to prostitute his art, and be judged accordingly. But in that case the intelligent buyers have a right to protest. They may justly ask why the market should be spoiled by the high prices of poor wares. Every man who is sincerely interested in the elevation of art and the consequent refinement of society, is also interested to see that the prices of pictures, so far as possible, shall have some relation to their excellence.

In fact, the whole discussion comes to this single plain point—shall there be any criticism of pictures whatever? If there may be, who shall criticise—the painters, their friends, their enemies, or the spectator? If it be allowed that the spectator may be the critic, the question of his competency can not be arbitrarily determined; it can be settled only by the criticism itself. If this assaults traditions in art and traditional reputations, it may be confounded by an equally strong statement of opposing principles, but it can not be evaded by personal acrimony and indignation. For it should be remembered that every man who attacks any established reputation does so at the risk of annihilating himself. We all know that there has been really very little art criticism in this country at any time, and we ought to welcome heartily any effort at it, however mistaken we may believe the philosophy to be upon which it is founded. For it gives us the opportunity of setting forth what we may believe to be the true philosophy, and of establishing the works of our favorites upon clearly defined grounds. The criticisms in the *Tribune* are evidently the result of careful study and profound interest in art. They are personally impartial, and evidently wholly sincere. We do not agree with them altogether; but then, on the other hand, the critic does not probably agree with us. And if there is any painter who can not read them without indignation, we beg him humbly never to show another picture. For all the signs show that criticism as an art is beginning in this country, and "Notices of Pictures" are hereafter to be something else than a weak wash of compliment

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND."

This is the title of Dickens's new novel, the first part of which will appear in the *June* number of *Harper's Magazine*. There has been a good deal of comment upon the title, for it is assumed that the author must know that the phrase is ungrammatical and inelegant, and that he has a special purpose in using it. It is hardly possible that he announced it without submitting it to his literary friends. And as John Forster, to whom he dedicated one of his earlier stories, is one of the most intimate of Dickens's associates, and one of the most fastidious of writers, it seems that the phrase could not have escaped unchallenged if it had been a slip of the pen. Yet it is so common an error, and Dickens is so far from being an exact or dainty writer, that there is some reason for supposing that he has made a mistake. Mutual is a word implying reciprocity. Mutual friendship is the feeling entertained by two persons each for the other. A and B are mutual friends. C is their common friend. Webster says that the word mutual may be and often is applied to numbers acting in concert. But the only true standard of language is elegant contemporary use, and that condemns the phrase mutual friend as applied to a third person.

But whatever may be the dispute about the title there is likely to be very little about the story itself. The profuse power and fertility of the author are unsurpassed. There seems to be no exhaustion or even weariness upon his part. We know that there are some readers who can not find the old charm in his new works. But fortunately for our own enjoyment we are not of them, and we believe them to be very few among the multitude of his audience. We look for "Our Mutual Friend" with the same eagerness that the readers of "Ivanhoe" looked for the next work by the author of "Waverley."

CAPTAIN SPEKE'S BOOK.

This elaborate and amply illustrated journal (just published by Harper & Brothers) is the account of the solution of one ot the greatest, most interesting, and longest hidden geographical problems, the source of the Nile. Whether Captain Speke is entitled to the credit of the *theory* of the rise of the Nile in the Lake N'yanza, is a question which Beke will always dispute. But there can be no question whatever that he was the first explorer known to us who actually beheld the lake and the outlet of the stream. His work must take its place as a most essential and crowning chapter of African research.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*April* 20. Mr. Harris introduced a joint resolution providing for taking an industrial census in 1865 by the several States.—The bill making an additional grant of lands to the State of Kansas to aid in the construction of railroad and telegraph lines was passed, with an amendment requiring the road from Leavenworth to go by way of Lawrence to Emporia, and to carry one line to Fort Riley.—The question of appointing a Committee of Conference on the Montana disagreement was discussed, but no conclusion reached.—The bill repealing the Fugitive Slave Law was taken up, and discussed by Messrs. Foster, Sumner, and Brown until the hour of adjournment.——*April* 21. The House bill for the relief of Postmasters who have been robbed by the Confederate forces or guerrillas was passed.—The Senate joint resolution to provide for the printing of official reports of the operations of the armies of the United States was passed.—Mr. Howe called up the bill to establish an Assay Office at Carson City in Nevada, and at Dallas City, Oregon. An amendment proposed by Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon, for establishing a Mint at Dallas City, instead of an Assay Office, was adopted, and the bill laid aside.—The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, and Mr. Van Winkle spoke at length on the certainty of the extermination of slavery.—The House bill to provide for a National Currency was reported, with some amendments in reference to the taxation by States of capital, circulation, and business of banking associations.——*April* 22. The House bill to establish a bureau of military justice was amended so as to give the Judge-Advocate-General the rank of Brigadier-General with a salary of $4000, and no other allowances. The bill was then passed.—The Army Appropriation bill for the year ending June 30, 1865, came up, and all the amendments of the Finance Committee were agreed to. Other amendments were adopted—that all enlistments hereafter made in the regular army during the continuance of the present rebellion, may be for three years; that all persons of color who have been or may be mustered into the military service shall receive the same uniform, clothing, arms, emoluments, etc., other than bounty, as other soldiers of the regular or volunteer forces of like arm of service; and that all persons enlisted and mustered into the service as volunteers under the call of October 17, 1863, who were at the time of enlistment actually enrolled and subject to draft in the State in which they volunteered, shall receive from the same bounty without regard to color. The bill was then passed.——*April* 25. The subject of the disagreeing votes of the two Houses on the bill to provide a territorial government for Montana was taken up, and Mr. Doolittle, of Wisconsin, made a speech in opposition to the extension of the right of suffrage to negroes. Mr. Wilkinson, who offered the amendment permitting negroes to vote, replied briefly, and the Senate agreed to the request of the House for another Committee of Conference.——*April* 26. Mr. Hale introduced a bill to amend the act to provide for the efficiency of the Navy, which provides that no officer shall be retired under the age of sixty-two, and whose name shall not have been borne upon the Navy Register forty-five years after the age of sixteen.—Mr. Wilson introduced a resolution, which was referred, that $25,000,000 be appropriated for volunteers that may be received by the President for not less than 100 days after their muster into service by regiments.—The House bill establishing a postal money-order system was passed with amendments.—The Senate resolution in relation to franked matter, which permits all communications to be received by the heads of Executive Departments and Chiefs of Bureaus where entitled to the franking privilege, without being indorsed "official business," but with the name of the writer thereon, was passed.—Mr. Sherman called up the special order, the House bill to provide a National Currency secured by a pledge of United States bonds, and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof. No vote was reached.

House.—*April* 20. The day session was occupied in considering the Tax bill. Forty-two sections of the bill were acted upon, and several amendments adopted, mainly of a verbal character.—During the evening session the bill for a new coinage of one and two cent pieces was passed.—The bill for reconstructing overthrown State Governments was then taken up, and Messrs. Norton of Illinois, and Broomall of Pennsylvania, spoke in favor of the bill.——*April* 21. The House went into Committee for the consideration of the Internal Tax bill, and acted on all the general provisions, comprising 47 sections. Mr. Washburne offered an amendment providing that the stocks of liquors on hand be taxed 50 cents a gallon. A long debate followed, when the amendment was rejected—52 to 79. An amendment was adopted including naphtha in the section which provides that all distilled spirits and all refined coal oil upon which an excise duty is imposed, may be exported without payment of duty when the same is intended for exportation. An amendment was added providing that beer, ale, porter, and all other similar fermented liquors in bottles, shall pay no lower rate of duty than the proportion of $1 a barrel.—At the evening session the bill for the construction of a ship canal to unite the Mississippi and the Northern Lakes was postponed until the next session of Congress.—The bill to encourage emigration was passed.——*April* 22. The consideration of the Internal Tax bill was renewed. Amendments were adopted under which wholesale liquor dealers are required to pay $50 for license when their sales are under $50,000 a year, and $1 on each $1000 over that; retail liquor licenses are increased to $25. The other licenses were fixed as follows: brokers with business under $25,000 pay $25, and $1 for each $1000 over that; steamers and vessels carrying passengers (except ferries) pay $25 each; hotel and tavern keepers must have an extra license of $25 to sell liquor to be drunk on the premises; bowling alleys and billiard saloons $10 for each alley or table; builders and contractors pay $20 when doing business under $20,000, and $1 per $1000 over; coal (except pea and dust) is taxed five cents a ton; coal illuminating oil was put up from 20 to 25 cents per gallon; oils distilled from coal, asphaltum, or shale were taxed 50 cents per gallon; crude petroleum $1 per barrel; the duty on pig-iron was raised from $1 to $2 a ton.——*April* 23. A bill was passed creating an additional Supervising Inspector of Steamboats for New Orleans, and Boards of Local Inspectors at Portland, Oregon, and at Memphis, Tennessee.—A resolution was adopted amending the fourth section of the Act of March 2, 1793, empowering United States Commissioners to take bail in criminal cases and providing them with a seal.—The committee who investigated the charges against Representative Blair, of Missouri, of speculating in liquors, while in military command in the Department of Missouri, reported that Mr. Blair had not violated any law. Some remarks followed of a personal character from Mr. Blair and his accuser, Mr. M'Clurg.—The consideration of the Internal Tax bill was then resumed, the House having resolved itself into a committee for that purpose.——*April* 25. A bill was introduced providing for the more speedy punishment of guerrillas. It authorizes the commanding generals in the field to carry into execution sentences against guerrillas and persons guilty of robbery, arson, burglary, rape, and violation of the laws and customs of war, and spies, mutineers, and murderers.—The Internal Tax bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole. Amendments were adopted taxing sales of gold, silver, bullion and coin, sterling exchange, promissory notes, and securities of every description one-fifth of one per cent.; slaughtered swine ten, and sheep and lambs five cents per head; and increasing the taxes on various other articles.—At the evening session a joint resolution increasing the duties on all imported merchandise, excepting printing paper, fifty per cent, till July 1, was adopted, with not more than a dozen dissenting votes.—On motion of Mr. Dawes a resolution was adopted requesting the President to communicate to the House whether Hon. F. P. Blair, Representative from Missouri, now holds any appointment or commission in the military service; and if so, whether he is now acting under any such appointment.——*April* 26. The House went into Committee on the Internal Revenue bill. An amendment was adopted that incomes derived from the interest of notes, bonds, or other securities of the United States shall be included in the estimate of incomes under this section, which places the duty at five per centum on all over six hundred dollars. Mr. Frank offered an amendment, which was adopted, providing that on incomes exceeding $600 and no more than $10,000, a tax of five per cent. shall be imposed; on incomes of $10,000 and not exceeding $25,000, a tax of seven and a half per cent. shall be imposed, and on incomes of over $25,000 a tax of ten per cent. shall be imposed.—Several bills granting lands to Wisconsin, Iowa, and Michigan, for railroad purposes, were passed.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Further details of the battles on the Red River show them to have been among the most desperately contested of the war. The first battle was fought on the 7th, between our cavalry advance and a body of the enemy, who were driven several miles, with serious loss. The second engagement took place at Sabine Cross-Roads, between the rebel army, some 20,000 strong, under Generals Kirby Smith, Dick Taylor, Moulton, Greene, and Price, and a portion only of General Banks's army. Our troops, though greatly outnumbered, fought with desperate gallantry until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when another part of General Banks's army came up, and was followed during the afternoon by fresh detachments, all of which became engaged. At last, however, our line gave way, and slowly retired, fighting as it went, to Pleasant Hill. In this engagement we lost heavily in men, guns, and material, a wagon-train falling into the enemy's hands. On the 9th the enemy again attacked our position at Pleasant Hill, where, during the night, General Andrew Jackson Smith had arrived with fresh troops. Skirmishing was kept up with varying success until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when the rebels had completed their arrangements for the grand final assault. What followed is thus described by the New Orleans *Era*:

"About this hour (5 o'clock) General Emory's skirmish line was driven in on the right by the rebels, who appeared in large force. They soon reached the open ground, and moved on to the attack in three lines of battle. Our batteries and infantry opened with terrible effect, doing great slaughter with grape and canister, while the enemy's artillery, being in the woods and in bad position, did scarcely any damage.

"Colonel Benedict's brigade on the left was first engaged, soon followed by Dwight's and M'Millan's. The fighting was terrific—old soldiers say it never was surpassed for desperation. Notwithstanding the terrible havoc in their ranks, the enemy pressed fiercely on, slowly pushing the men of the Nineteenth Corps back up the hill, but not breaking their line of battle. A sudden and bold dash of the rebels on the right gave them possession of Taylor's battery, and forced our line still further back.

"Now came the grand *coup de main*. The Nineteenth, on arriving at the top of the hill, suddenly filed off over the hill and passed through the lines of General Smith. We must here mention that the rebels were now in but two lines of battle, the first having been almost annihilated by General Emory, what remained being forced back into the second line. But these two lines came on exultant and sure of victory.

"The first passed over the knoll, and all heedless of the long line of cannons and crouching forms of as brave men as ever trod mother earth, pressed on. The second line appeared on the crest, and the death-signal was sounded. Words can not describe the awful effect of this discharge. Seven thousand rifles and several batteries of artillery, each gun loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, were fired simultaneously, and the whole centre of the rebel line was crushed down as a field of ripe wheat through which a tornado had passed. It is estimated that 1000 men were hurried into eternity or frightfully mangled by this one discharge.

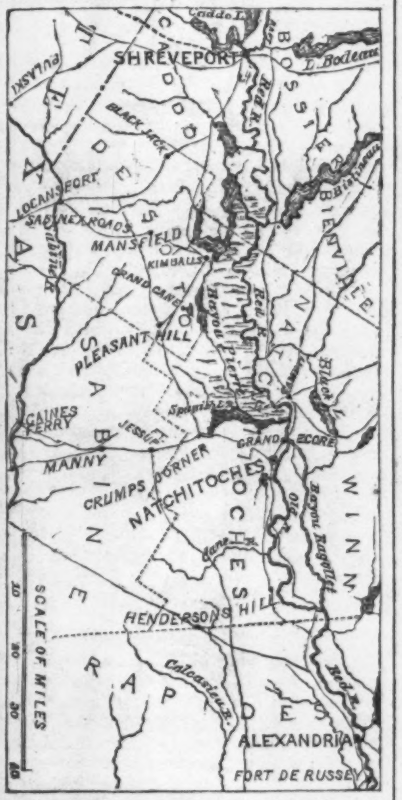
"No time was given them to recover their good order, but General Smith ordered a charge, and his men dashed rapidly forward, the boys of the Nineteenth joining in. The rebels fought boldly and desperately back to the timber, on reaching which a large portion broke and fled, fully 2000 throwing aside their arms. In this charge Taylor's battery was retaken, as were also two of the guns of Nims's battery, the Parrott gun taken from us at Carrion Crow last fall, and one or two others belonging to the rebels, one of which was considerably shattered, besides 700 prisoners. A pursuit and desultory fight was kept up for three miles, when our men returned to the field of battle.

"And thus ended this fearful and bloody struggle for the control of Western Louisiana."

Our entire loss in these engagements was over 2000, including many officers. The loss of the rebels was probably 3000. Among their officers killed were Generals Morton, Parsons, and Greene.

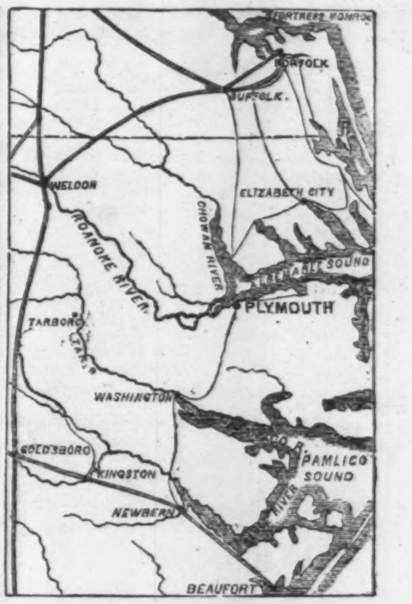
At the close of the third day's engagement General Banks fell back to the line of the Red River, and took up position at Grand Ecore, near Natchitoches. On the 9th an engagement took place on the Red River above Grand Ecore, between the gun-boats and a rebel force, in which the latter were routed, with a loss of two guns and 160 killed and wounded.

We give on page 297 a view of the grand repulse of the rebels at Pleasant Hill; and, below, a map showing the scene of the several engagements.



Disaster has befallen our arms in North Carolina. On the 17th a force of from ten to fifteen thousand rebels marched upon Plymouth, and opened an impetuous attack upon its defenses. Fort Gray, about one mile from the town, was vigorously bombarded, and twice attempted to be carried by the bayonet. In each instance, however, the enemy were repulsed with great slaughter. Our gunboats bore the brunt of the fighting, and did effective work. Four of the enemy's gun-boats and one iron-clad ram came down to the obstructions in the Roanoke River, six miles from the town, to co-operate with the land-forces. On the 18th the ram passed the guns at Plymouth without being discovered, and attacked the fleet. She floated with the current, and was not discovered until close under the bows of the *Miami*. Lieutenant-Commander Flusser rushed forward, sighted and fired the bow-gun loaded with shell, which struck the ram, rebounded, and instantly killed him, a piece of the shell penetrating his breast. The ram then attacked the *Southfield*, and she sank in five minutes. The *Miami* was somewhat injured. The ram is 150 feet long, draws about eight feet of water, and carries only two small guns. The Federal gun-boat *Bombshell* was also sunk, having been struck by a rebel battery. Finally, after four days' fighting, Plymouth was taken by the enemy at noon on the 20th, the captures including General Wessels and his force of 1500 men. The enemy obtained possession of the town at 8 o'clock in the morning. General Wessels and his troops retired into Fort Williams and held out until noon, repulsing the enemy in seven desperate assaults. Their loss is said to be 1700, while our loss was slight. Two companies belonging to the Second North Carolina (Union) Volunteers were among the captured, the most of whom were taken out and shot by the enemy after our forces had surrendered. All the negroes found in uniform were also shot. At last accounts the enemy were moving in force on Washington and Newbern. The ram has control of the inland waters, but Federal gun-boats have been dispatched to the scene, and it is believed she may be destroyed.

The following map illustrates the scene of these operations:



MISCELLANEOUS.

On the 19th a band of eighty mounted rebels attempted an invasion of Kentucky through Pound Gap, but were at once driven back by a detachment of the Forty-fifth Kentucky Mounted Infantry. A band of 150 guerrillas was also driven out of the State into Macon County, Tennessee, eight of them being killed, and ten captured, as well as fifty of their horses.

The Governors of the several States are taking active measures to place the militia in service, so as to place the volunteers and regulars entirely at the disposal of the general Government. The President has accepted the tender on the part of the Governors of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa of an aggregate of eighty-five thousand volunteer infantry, to serve one hundred days from the time of their being mustered in as regiments. These troops are to be paid, clothed, subsisted, and transported by the Government, and employed in fortifications, either in their several States or wherever required. Governors Brough of Ohio, Yates of Illinois, and Morton of Indiana, have issued proclamations calling on the citizen soldiery to turn out and assist in rendering the approaching campaign a decisive victory.

Advices from the Department of the South report the evacuation of Pilatka, Florida, by General Gillmore, and the destruction of another steamer in the St. John's River by a rebel torpedo. The steamer destroyed was the *General Hunter*, one of the finest and swiftest light draft transports in the department, and the explosion occurred in precisely the spot where the *Maple Leaf* was blown up a few weeks since. All on board the boat escaped with their lives, excepting one of the quarter-masters. Fort Sumter attempted, on the 13th, to celebrate the third anniversary of its capture from the United States by a salute from mortars, but its sauciness was effectually rebuked by the fire of Fort Gregg.

Orders have been issued by General Burnside, at Annapolis, to prepare the Ninth Corps for immediate movement.

General Price has evacuated Camden, Arkansas, and General Steele occupied the place.

The Army of the Potomac is preparing to move. The army is said to be larger than ever before. Hospital accommodations in Washington have been greatly enlarged, and every provision made for the contingencies of battle.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

In the British House of Commons, on the 8th, Mr. Layard said, in answer to a question, that the British Government was taking measures to investigate the alleged kidnapping of Irish emigrants into the service of the Federal army. The Financial Budget was announced in the House of Commons on the 7th, by Mr. Gladstone, and made a very favorable impression. The estimated expenditure for the past fiscal year was £68,283,000, but the actual expenditure was £67,056,000.

The particulars of the rebel cotton scheme are published. A large company has been formed with a capital of $1,000,000, to purchase steamers and run the blockade, for the purpose of bringing out cotton to redeem the rebel loan. Collins J. M'Rae is the rebel agent in the matter.

THE DANISH WAR.

The Danish war is vigorously prosecuted by the Germans. On the 7th the Prussians opened a terrible bombardment on Düppel and Sonderborg, and it is stated that in the latter place 80 women and children were killed, they not having had notice to leave. The German steamer *Rembrandt* had been captured by a Danish man-of-war. The Conference would meet in London on the 13th.

MEXICO.

Matamoras letters announce the flight from Monterey of Governor Vidaurri, after he had declared his hostility to President Juarez, and boasted of his ability to defend himself against any force the latter might send to attack him. He left the city in the night, with all the forces he could muster, some time before the soldiers of the Liberal army made their appearance. He fled toward the Texas border, being last heard of at Morelia. The Constitutional forces occupied Monterey on April 3. General Diaz is reported to have defeated a French force of 600 men at Juajuapan, only eighty of the enemy escaping.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

The Secretary of War has ordered that the new regiments of heavy artillery that may be organized and filled up to the legal standard of 1738 officers and men, within the period of twenty days from this date, will be received and credited. If regiments are not full on or before the 10th day of May, the recruits will be put into other artillery or infantry organizations. This order will not postpone the draft, but such troops as may be raised prior to the draft will be deducted from the quotas for draft.

The recent order of General Grant banishing sutlers from the army rids it of over twenty-eight hundred supernumeraries.

The President has assigned Major-General Blair to the command of the Seventeenth (M'Pherson's Army Corps), now in the Department of the Mississippi.

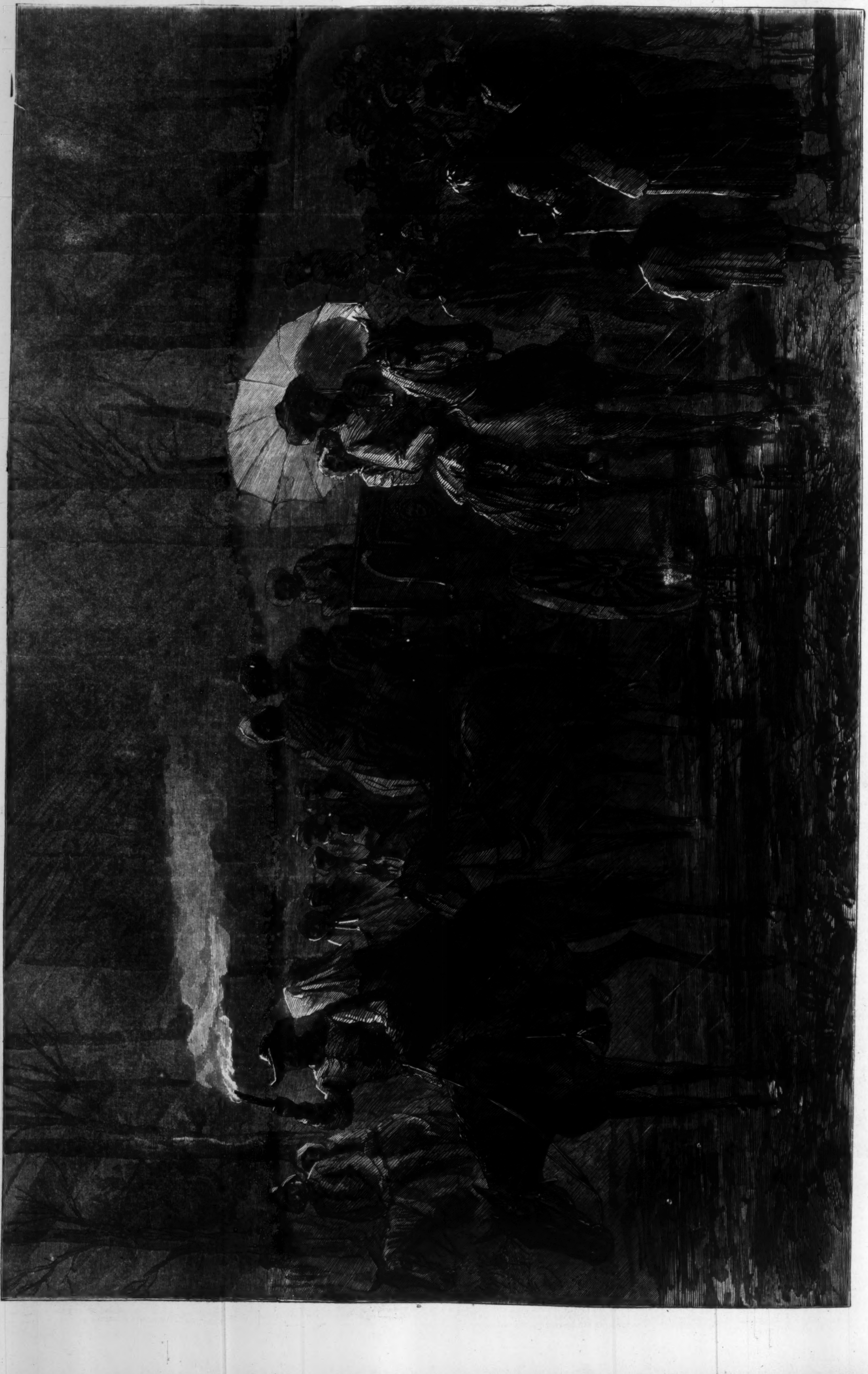
Lieutenant-Commander D. Haven has been ordered to the command of the *Tallapoosa*.

The Petersburg *Express* reports that the First Auditor of the rebel Treasury has been ordered to remove his bureau from Richmond to Montgomery, Alabama.

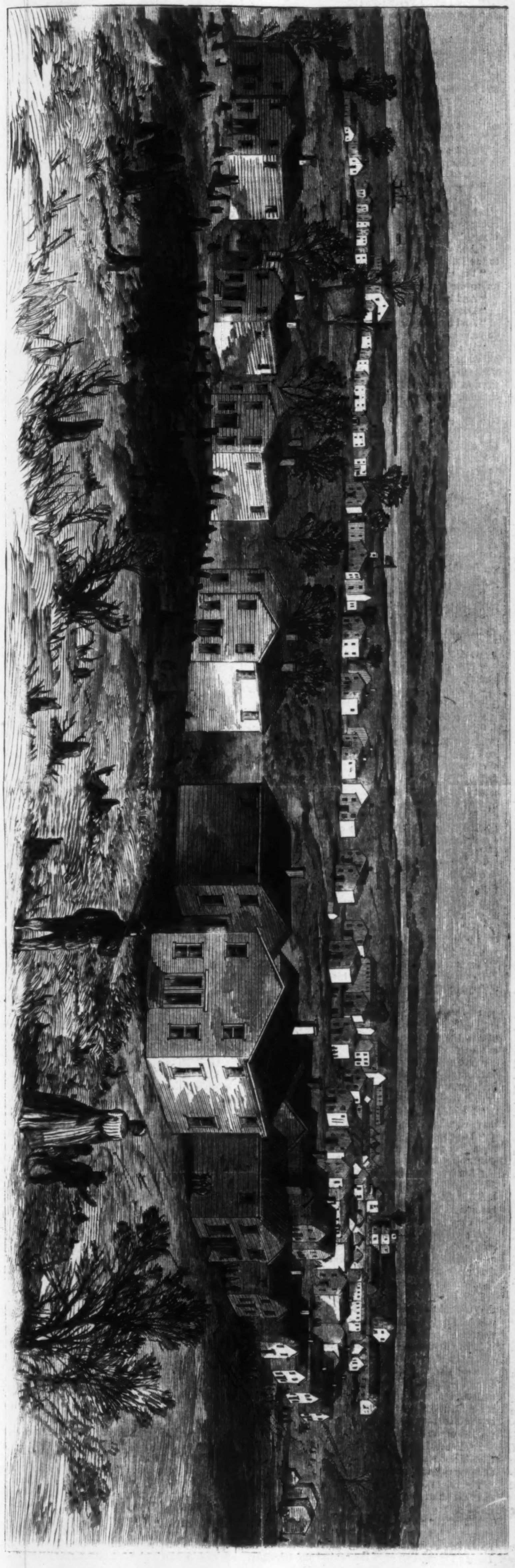
General Foster has applied for an active command in the field.

Governor Parker, of New Jersey, has received instructions from the War Department to raise one regiment of twelve batteries of heavy artillery by the 10th of May, which, no doubt, he will accomplish.

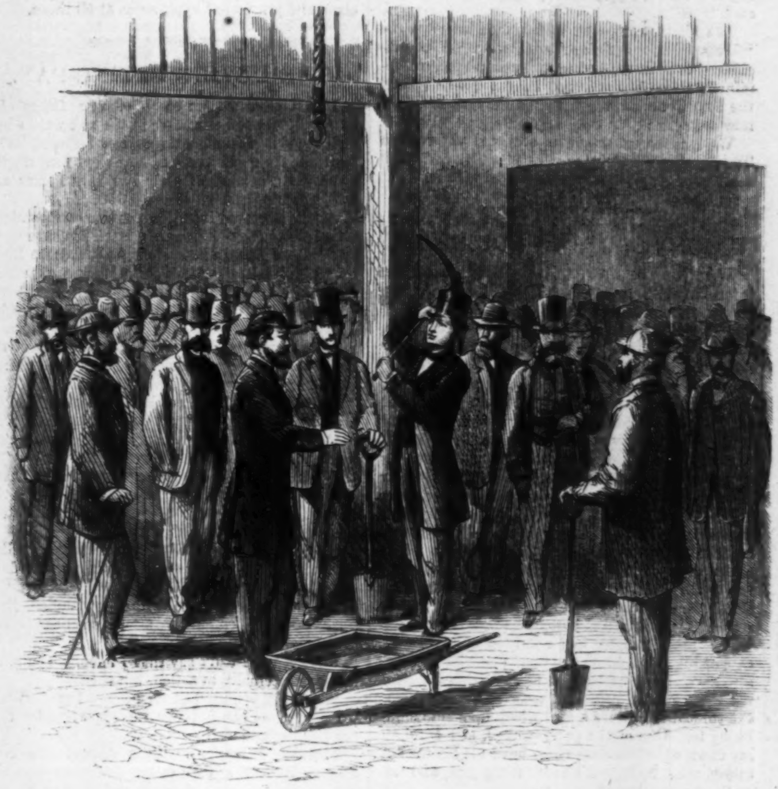
Colonel Fish, late Provost Marshal of Baltimore, under General Schenck, has been sentenced by court-martial to one year in the Albany Penitentiary.



NEGROES ESCAPING OUT OF SLAVERY.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 294.]



FREEDMAN'S VILLAGE, ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 294.]



BREAKING GROUND.

THE GREAT LAKE TUNNEL AT CHICAGO.

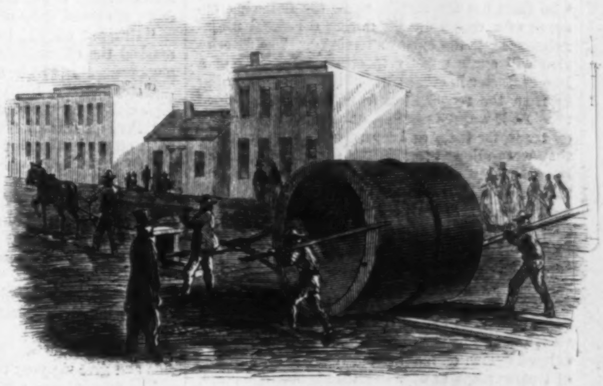
One of the greatest works of the kind ever undertaken has just been commenced in the city of Chicago, under the auspices of the authorities, by Messrs. **Dull & Gowan**, contractors; namely, the construction of a Tunnel under Lake Michigan, two miles in length, by which to supply the city with pure and wholesome water. Our correspondent gives us the following account of the enterprise:

"Chicago is situated on a low and nearly level prairie, being but a few feet above the level of the Lake, so that even the earliest settlers found wells to be impracticable, from the fact that the surface water could not be avoided, while the river is nothing but a sluggish canal, the current of which sways up or down stream, as the wind outside the harbor happens to send the waters of the Lake inshore or out. A great deal of the sewerage of the city is also discharged into the river, together with all the refuse of the slaughter-houses and distilleries, so that it has become a vast and serious nuisance.

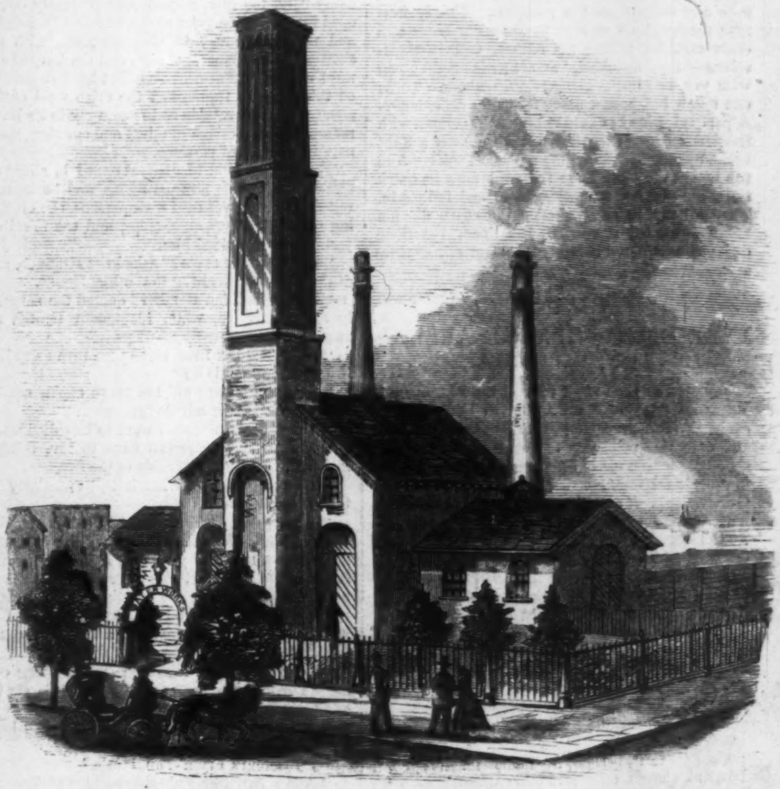
"The water with which the people are at present supplied is taken from an artificial basin close inshore, about three-fourths of a mile north of the mouth of the river, and by means of immense pumps, which are worked by two engines of two and five hundred horse-power.

"When the wind prevails from the south or southwest the current of the river setting outward is carried up the shore and is more or less deposited in the basin, causing the water to partake largely of the disagreeable flavor arising from a combination of ingredients neither agreeable to the taste nor smell, and at times rendering it altogether unfit for use.

"By the construction of this Tunnel it is proposed to take the water from a distance of two miles from the shore of the Lake, thereby insur-



IN TRANSIT.



WATER-WORKS BUILDING.

ing a constant supply wholly clear and unadulterated."

The views we present in this Number show the "Water-Works Building," which contains the machinery used in supplying water as at present obtained; "Breaking Ground for the Tunnel;" and the Iron Cylinders which form a lining to the shaft now being sunk.

We may hereafter give a sectional view of the Tunnel, showing the plan of construction and other matters of general interest connected with it.

UNION SCOUTS IN LOUISIANA.

WE give on our first page a sketch illustrating an interesting feature of the war in Louisiana. Among the most useful auxiliaries of General BANKS, in his operations in that State, is a band of native Scouts, led by Captain DUDLEY, who, knowing the country and accustomed to danger, penetrate every where in search of information. Many of these scouts are desperate men, who have suffered all manner of outrage at the hands of the enemy, and who, on that account, lose no opportunity to inflict the heaviest punishment on those who have driven them to the shelter of the swamps and forests. Captain DUDLEY is described as a slight, wiry man, about forty-five years old, with a small eye which is all black, and a face which strikes one as full of cunning. A correspondent says of him: "He told me that he had been a physician on the Calcasien River; that he escaped the conscription and had been living a wandering life for three years; that he had been back and forth from the Rio Grande to Mobile, had always escaped wounds, and I think had not been even shot at. One of his men told me that one night he followed a party of conscript-hunters to their camp, waited till they were asleep, then crawled among them, determined to capture a gun which he had taken a liking to. One of the party waked, and DUDLEY lay down quietly among them until his hunter fell asleep, when he helped himself to the gun, and 'silently passed away.'"

NEGROES ESCAPING OUT OF SLAVERY.

WE present on page 292 another view of one of the principal features of the war; namely, the escape of negroes, at all points within the rebel lines, from the house of their bondage. Mr. A. R. WAUD, who furnishes the sketch, sends the following account of a recent exodus during a Federal reconnoissance into the enemy's territory. The description will apply exactly to other movements of a like character in other parts of the field: "Coming in from the reconnoissance many negroes joined us. As it was not possible, on account of the muddy roads, for them to keep up with the horsemen, they were allowed to ride the spare and captured horses—many of them, however, coming to us on their masters' horses. One party fell into the column with an old family coach, said to contain eighteen, principally pickaninnies. This was preceded by an old fellow with a torch, carrying a woman 'a-straddle' behind him. All the women rode this way, side-saddles not having been provided by the ordnance officers. Sometimes three would mount upon one horse, and in one instance a father, mother, and two little children rode one animal. One colored fellow, on making out that the column was of Union troops, at once saddled his masters' horse, mounted, and taking another 'boy' up behind him, waved his hand gracefully to the rest of the slaves, mostly girls. 'Good-by, folks!' said he; 'I'se gwine to follow the Yanks.' He was asked how he could leave so comfortable a place. Scratching his head, and waving his hand toward his white-headed master, he answered, 'There's a kind o' poor class of whites about here; don't have enough to eat.' Some others told us that the 'Mas'r' had gone to Charlotteville to 'sell a nigger,' and had left them with strict injunctions to look after the house, and let no one take any thing from the premises. The spokesman meanwhile was busy handing out hams and other eatables, telling the soldiers to help themselves—'For,' he added, 'we are gwine right along with yer, he! he!' Many joined without a word; one fellow had been *waiting* for us for some hours. A party plowing in a field regarded the column with indifference for some time, when suddenly a light broke upon one: 'Why, boys, it's de Yanks!' And the horses were cut loose from the plow in quick time, the negroes mounting them and falling in. They all got in safely; even the coach did not break down till it reached the lines; but these dusky ones suffered horribly from fear of recapture several times."

FREEDMAN'S VILLAGE, ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.

WE give on page 293 a view of the FREEDMAN'S VILLAGE, established on Arlington Heights, Virginia, by the Government. The village is a neat and extensive collection of frame-houses, erected especially for the use of such contrabands as, failing to provide for themselves, become a burden to the Government. The village is surrounded by farmland, which the negroes cultivate for their support. To Colonel ELIAS M. GREENE is due the principal credit of thus assisting the negroes to help themselves.

All the smartest and strongest among the released slaves find employment as servants of different kinds—barbers, teamsters, etc. But there is still a number who fail to get employment, and these Colonel GREENE has tried to make self-supporting on the Government lands, and so far with considerable success.

The village is quite lively, having a large number of children in it. For these there is a school-house; there is, besides, a "home" for the aged, a hospital, church, tailor and other work-shops, with other public buildings. The principal street is over a quarter of a mile long, and the place presents a clean and prosperous appearance at all times.

THE DEVIL'S FRYING-PAN.

THE United States sloop of war *Dragon-Fly* swung lightly to her anchor in the soft west wind, and the officers and men of the larboard-watch lounged idly about the decks or slept beneath the bulwarks dreaming of their Northern homes and waiting sweet-hearts.

Astern stretched broad leagues of moonlit waters, ahead gleamed among his countless islands the stately Sound of Altamaha, and close abeam rose Little St. Simon's Island, while a dark cloud upon the horizon showed where Sapelo lay.

"Dull work this blockading, Fenwick," yawned Lieutenant Benton, to Dr. Fenwick the surgeon, who had come on deck to enjoy the beauty of the night, and now stood lounging against the taffrail close beside the young officer.

"Rather so. But these long days are grand for study. Why don't you get yourself up in an 'ology,' Benton, and astonish our fair friends in Boston by your erudition when we return?"

"H'm. A fellow that has seen service as I have doesn't need any erudition to recommend him to the fair sex nowadays, Doctor," responded the Lieutenant, foppishly twisting his little mustache.

"True. I forgot that." And the surgeon pulled away at his cheroot with a merry twinkle in his dark eyes.

"Have you ever been seriously wounded, Benton?" asked he, carelessly, after a moment or two of silence.

"Why, no, I can't say that I have. You see I never was actually in action, but then—"

"But then you might have been. I see. Well, we none of us can improve the opportunities that are not given to us."

Lieutenant Benton, with a disagreeable consciousness of being very young and inexperienced, left off pulling his mustache and walked up the quarter-deck, casting a scrutinizing glance aloft, and sternly bidding the look-out man to "mind his eye."

The seaman thus exhorted suddenly restored his attention from the stars to things terrestrial, or rather maritime, and immediately shouted,

"Boat ahoy!"

"There it is," remarked the surgeon, as Benton sprang to the side and looked over, and pointed to a small black object slowly approaching the sloop down the broad wake of the setting moon.

"Dug-out ahoy!" he might have hailed, "remarked the officer, forgetting his momentary annoyance. "It will be a contraband, I suppose."

"Running the blockade. Now is the *Dragon-Fly's* chance for distinguishing herself."

"Perhaps it is a fetich-man come off to compare notes on the healing art with you, Doctor."

"Or some dusky maiden who has heard of your mustache, Lieutenant," laughed the surgeon.

"Bother!" ejaculated the young man, and leaned farther over the rail to scrutinize the clumsy little craft now within hail of the sloop.

"It's a boy—no it's a dwarf—or a monkey! What *is* it, Doctor?"

"One of Count Monboddo's humans in an early stage of the transformation from baboon to man, I should say."

"Well, here he is. Hallo there! Range alongside and give me your name and business."

The dug-out was, after many awkward attempts, placed in the required position; and a voice from the lumpish heap of clothes, arms, legs, and close-curled wool, responded:

"Lor, mas'r, 'tain't noffin but me!"

"And who are you, and what do you want?"

"I's Ban, mas'r, dat's short for Caliban, an' I's come to tell yer sumfin."

"Well, Ban, make fast your dug-out to the cable there and come aboard."

A few moments after a dark ball alighted suddenly upon the quarter-deck and presently developed into a human form about four feet in height, and nearly as much in shoulder-girth, with the shortest and crookedest of legs, and the longest and most muscular of arms. A bullet-head surmounted this singular frame, and the crisp wool curled about a face inscrutable as to age, ugly in its lineaments, and expressive of mirth and cunning, good-nature and violent passions.

The surgeon and Lieutenant gazed in silent astonishment at this strange figure, and he in turn rolled his large eyes over their persons, the clustering group of sailors amid-ships, and the novel objects that surrounded him.

"Be you mas'r cap'n?" asked the stranger, suddenly, his eyes reverting to the Lieutenant.

"Lord, Sirs! can it talk?" quoted the surgeon, in an under-voice, while Lieutenant Benton answered, good-naturedly,

"No, Ban; but I can serve your turn as well as if I were. What is it?"

"Reck'n I'll wait an' see mas'r cap'n, mas'r," returned Ban, after a little hesitation.

"The old man wouldn't want to be called up for any thing this creature can have to say, think?" inquired the Lieutenant aside of the surgeon.

"That depends on what it is," oracularly returned the surgeon.

"Well, you try him, Doctor. You're older than I, and perhaps he will be more willing to confide his secret sorrows to your ear, if indeed my first guess is not the right one after all, and he is the fetich man."

"We will see." And the Doctor bidding Caliban follow him, led the way to a secluded part of the deck, where he placed the negro full in the light of the waning moon, and stood looking curiously down at him from the altitude of his six feet two inches.

"Where do you come from, Ban?" asked he, at length.

"De Debbil's Fryin'-Pan, mas'r."

"And a very likely specimen of his cookery you are," mentally ejaculated the Doctor, but the only audible response was a wondering repetition of the name,

"The Devil's Frying-Pan!"

"Yis, mas'r, dats whar we lib."

"Who lives there besides you?"

"Dad an' mam, an' lots o' pickaninnies."

"And how did you get here?"

"In de dug-out, mas'r."

"I know. But where is the Devil's Frying-Pan? and how far from here?"

"Right up in de Soun', mas'r, 'bout two mile from dis, I reckon."

"Is it an island?"

"Yis, mas'r."

"And who gave it that name?"

"Donno, mas'r, I's sure. Reckon it alluz had it."

"And who named you Caliban?"

"Oh, mas'r! my mammy, she brung up on de ole plantation, an' daddy he free nigger. So he bought mammy an' me, an' de rest of de young uns has come along since."

"And your father brought your mother and you to the Devil's Frying-Pan to live?"

"Yis, mas'r. It don't b'long to no one in 'ticlar, an' so we jis libs dere."

"And how old are you, Caliban?"

"Donno, mas'r. Didn' nebber ask."

"And how do your father and you live? How do you earn money, I mean?"

"We ketches fish, mas'r, an' isters, an' lobsters, an' we raises some truck in de gardin, an' w'en we wants money we totes a load o' fish an' sarce up to town an' trades it off. Den I fiddles for de dancin' sometimes an' gits w'at I kin."

"You fiddle!"

"Yis, mas'r."

"Well now, Ban, what did you come here for tonight? You had better tell me, and if I judge it of sufficient importance I will send to ask the Captain to see you. He is asleep now, and we don't like to disturb him without necessity."

Ban, in whose mind the surgeon's magnificent proportions had inspired a much greater degree of reverence than he was inclined to accord to the juvenile Lieutenant, drew confidentially close to his side, before he replied,

"Yis, mas'r, I tell you all 'bout it. Dis yer ship am sot to cotch all dem dat tries to go in an' out dis yer Soun', ain't she?"

"All that belong to the rebels, or are trying to trade with them. Why do you ask?"

"Cause dere's a big schooner in here, hidin' away 'mongst de islan's, all loaded down wid cotton, an' dey's gwine to git out sure dey says, fer all de dam Yankees kin do to hender 'em."

"When will they sail?" asked the surgeon, hastily.

"Jes' arter moonset 'morrer night. Jes 'bout dis time."

"How do you know?"

"De ossifers an' some ob de gen'lemen dat's gwine passinger in her come ashore dis arternoon to look roun' at de Debbil's Fryin'-Pan, cause its kind o' curus dere, an' I heerd 'em talk. Den dey tole dad to kitch a right smart chance o' fish an' git some isters or lobsters to-morrer, an' mam's gwine to cook a supper fer 'em, an' I tole 'em I could fiddle fust-rate ef they'd a mind fer a dance. Dey liked dat tip-top, an' 'greed to come jes' arter sundown, an' den I heerd 'em say dey couldn' sail till nigh two 'clock in de mornin'."

"And they are to be at your house after sunset?"

"Yis, mas'r. So den I 'flected dat ef de Yankees wanted fer ter kitch 'em all, dere'd be a fus'-rate chance, an' mabbe mas'r Cap'n 'd gib a pore nigger suffin fer de news."

"And what do you think the Captain, or whichever of us got hold of you first, would give you if you led us into a trap, and sold us to the rebels, just as you now offer to sell them to us?" demanded Fenwick, sternly, as he fixed his penetrating eyes upon the negro's face.

"'Spec's you'd shoot me jes' like dog. Sarve um right too," returned Ban emphatically, and with such unflinching steadiness of voice and eye as set at rest the momentary suspicion in the keen mind of his examiner.

"You are right. Whatever happened to us, your own life would be the price of treachery. Remember that, my boy, and draw back even now if you are not sure of yourself."

"I wish I was as sure ob ten dollars as I is o' de truve ob what I sez," remarked Ban, tranquilly.

"Very well. I will ask Lieutenant Benton to report your errand to the Captain. I suppose you want to return before morning."

"Lordy, yis, mas'r. Ef de folks aboard de *Sword-Fish* sights de ole dug-out, an' 'spects whar she's ben, it's all day wid dis nigger, an' wid yore plans too, mas'r."

"Very well. Stay just here till you are called."

The visit of the dwarf was reported to the Captain, and Caliban was soon summoned to the cabin to repeat his story, which he did with the utmost steadiness, unshaken by the somewhat severe cross-examination of the astute commander.

This over, Ban was dismissed under charge of the steward to refresh himself, and a hasty council was held as to the best manner of using his information.

It was finally decided that two boats' crews under charge of the two Lieutenants should, early in the ensuing night, quietly land at the Devil's Frying-Pan, surround the house and secure the merry-makers, and then proceed to capture the schooner, it not being thought advisable to involve the sloop in the intricate channels and dangerous reefs of that portion of the Sound.

Dr. Fenwick volunteered to accompany his young friend, Lieutenant Benton, and his powerful assistance was gratefully accepted.

The next question was of a guide. It was obvious that the absence of Caliban after his engagement as musician would cause suspicion in the minds of the guests, and might defeat the whole plan, and yet no one on board the *Dragon-Fly* could boast the slightest knowledge of the *locale* of the Devil's Frying-Pan or of the contraband schooner.

Under these circumstances Ban was recalled to the council, and the difficulty stated.

"'Twon't nebber do for dis chile to be mongst de missin'," said he, thoughtfully, "nor dad n'ither. But Nep 'd do fus-rate. He knows de chan'l an' all jes same's I do. I'll fotch ye Nep."

"Who is Nep?" demanded the Captain, cautiously.

"He one o' mammy's young uns. He smart chile, Nep is."

"How old is he?"

"Lord, mas'r, we don' none ob us know noffin 'bout dat. We jes grows same as de grass, nebber mindin' when we begun. Nep he good big boy."

"Well, you may bring him off, and we will see what we think of him. When will you be here?"

"Ain't got time to go home an' back 'fore day, nohow," considered Ban. "But Nep he'll take de dug-out roun' back side o' de Pan, an' jes paddle off easy arter dey gits dere. Den he tell mas'r cap'n how many of 'em come, an' p'raps hark roun' an' fin' out suffin 'bout how many's lef' aboard de *Sword-Fish*."

"And can he find his way out to the *Dragon-Fly* alone and in season?"

"Lord, yis, mas'r. Nep he smart fellow."

"We will judge of that before we trust him as a pilot; and remember that the first sign of treachery will be his death-warrant, and yours too, if we lay hold of you," said the Captain, sternly.

"Ef mas'r cap'n tinks I's lyin' to him he no need to come. I's tryin' to 'blige him, an' he talks 'bout shootin' an' hangin' me an' my brother as ef we was tryin' to do him all de bad we could." And Caliban, half-sulky, half-hurt, left the cabin abruptly, and laboriously climbed on deck.

"He's honest, Captain, take my word for it, and I have no doubt his information is perfectly reliable," said Dr. Fenwick, earnestly. And the Captain, who depended very much upon his friend's judgment, ordered the steward to regale Ban with another glass of grog, and then to bring him to the cabin to receive his final directions.

The dwarf's injured feelings were easily pacified by this attention, and half an hour later he paddled away from the *Dragon-Fly* in the fullest amity with all its inmates.

Sunset of the following day found such of the crew of the sloop as had been detailed for the approaching expedition full of busy preparation and anticipation, while the unfortunate remainder either watched their comrades in envious silence, or indulged in open complaints of their own inactivity. Some few croakers found pleasure in intimating that the whole affair was a trap, and that those who were so "precious green" as to walk into it with their eyes open deserved no better than the fate probably awaiting them. Another party held that the negro, terrified by the Captain's threats, would not dare to pursue the matter, and that no pilot would appear. This suggestion, however, was speedily negatived by the hail of

"Boat ahoy!"

And the next moment the dug-out once more ranged alongside the *Dragon-Fly*, and a tall young fellow leaped nimbly to the deck, with the brief announcement,

"He' I is."

"Oh, you're Nep, are you?" inquired Lieutenant Benton, who had been anxiously waiting for his appearance.

"Yis, mas'r."

"Own brother to the fellow who was here last night?"

"Dunno, mas'r; 'spec' so, dough."

The question was pardonable; for this second envoy from the Devil's Frying-Pan presented as great a contrast to the first as can well be conceived in members of the same family. Tall, straight, and finely proportioned in figure, his features were regular and lofty, his eyes large and clear, and his expression bold and intelligent. In fact, could his bright brown skin have been changed for Saxon red and white, Nep would have ranked indisputably as an uncommonly fine-looking fellow. In age he appeared to be about eighteen years old, but like Ban he had no ideas of his own upon the subject.

Ordered to the cabin for examination, Nep acquitted himself very satisfactorily, and after a brief interview the Captain dismissed him, and proceeded to give his formal orders, as he had not yet done, for the expedition.

It was not considered expedient to set out until about ten o'clock, the boat from the *Sword-Fish* having been ordered to return for its passengers at twelve, and the schooner expecting to sail at two, or soon after. Nep brought the additional information that the passengers mentioned by Ban as forming part of the proposed fish party were the officers of a brig just purchased by the rebels from the English Government, and now awaiting its armament and crew at Nassau, N. P.

The schooner was expecting to escape the blockade by running some distance South among the numerous islands and intricate channels of that part of the coast, and finally making out to sea through some one of the innumerable inlets and sounds, offering a ready egress whenever the blockading squadron should be momentarily absent.

Punctual to the appointed hour the two boats silently parted from the side of the *Dragon-Fly*, and guided by Nep, who crouched in the stern of the foremost one, steered by the first lieutenant, they struck out into the broad waters of the Sound.

The moon, slightly obscured by vapory clouds, gave just sufficient light to allow Nep to distinguish the various islands and other landmarks by which he directed his course, but not sufficient to reveal distant objects with any degree of certainty. This point it will readily be seen was much in favor of our adventurers, should they come within eye-range of the *Sword-Fish*—a danger little to be feared, however, as Nep, pursuing a devious and intricate course, kept his charge concealed behind the islands and high rocks whenever practicable.

"Now, mas'r, here we is," announced he, suddenly, in a whisper, pointing ahead to a small round island, around whose entire circumference rose a low ridge of naked rocks, while a long reef of the same extended straight out into the Sound, whose waters broke over it in loud reiteration of angry menace.

No appearance of life or even vegetation was visible, and the first lieutenant demanded, in an incredulous whisper,

"Is *this* the place?"

"Yis, mas'r. Dis de Fryin'-Pan, and dat's de handle," said Nep, pointing to the low reef, over which and a small intervening island the upper part of the masts and rigging of a large topsail schooner were dimly visible.

"And how do you get ashore?"

"Jis in here, mas'r;" and, under Nep's directions, the boats were laid close inshore, at a spot where a break in the natural fortifications of the little island afforded access to its interior.

With as much expedition and as little noise as possible, the two boats' crews, well armed and full of eager anticipation, were now landed upon the narrow beach, the boats anchored off, under charge of a small guard, and the party, numbering twenty stout fellows besides the officers, proceeded noiselessly inland, still under guidance of Nep.

Passing through the rocky gap they found themselves in a large level area, comprising perhaps a dozen acres, divided into field and pasturage, with a somewhat neglected garden-patch surrounding a cabin of considerable extent, from whose low windows streamed a ruddy light, while the shrill notes of a violin, mingled with roars of laughter, gave evidence that the inmates of the Devil's Frying-Pan were in a very jovial mood.

"Stop here, mas'r, w'ile I go an' peek roun' a lilly bit," suggested Nep, and the party were accordingly halted while he crept softly up, peered through the windows for a moment, and then noiselessly retreated.

"All right, mas'r," whispered he in a gleeful tone, "Dey's hard at it, singin', an' dancin', an' drinkin' like de berry ole Nick. De feller dey sot to watch roun' de house has got a mug o' likker, an' he's settin' in de doorway wid he gun on de floor 'side ob him, an' Ban he fiddlin' away fit to t'ar de ole fiddle to bits, an' rollin' he eyes dis way an' dat lookin' arter de comp'ny he axed to de breakdown fer hisself."

"He sha'n't have long to look, then. Forward men, and remember no noise till the word is given."

With stealthy tread the party approached the house and surrounded it. Dr. Fenwick, foremost of the line, paused at the same window through which Nep had reconnoitred the interior, and cautiously peered in.

It was a large low room occupying nearly the whole area of the cabin, and generally used by the numerous family as kitchen, parlor, and hall. Now, however, it had been cleared of much of its usual disorder, including the countless tribe of sooty youngsters, who, having been packed into the loft with terrific threats of what should befall them in case of their becoming visible, were now regaling themselves with an airy view of the festivities below through the chinks in the floor.

In the centre of the room stood a table covered with the remnants of a savory supper, prepared in old Sally's highest style of art, and around it were seated twelve men, smoking, drinking, and watching with much amusement the exertion of two of their comrades, who had undertaken to give the company a specimen of the genuine Spanish fandango.

None of the negroes were visible except Ban, who, perched upon the top of a heavy bureau or chests of drawers, with his stunted legs coiled beneath him, and his long arms writhing sinuously in the vehemence of his exertions, was dragging from the bowels of a battered old violin a perfect storm of sound, with no particular reference to either melody or harmony, but very expressive of his own condition of nervous excitement, ever since the moment when his wildly-rolling eyes had encountered those of his brother peering in at the window.

The surgeon had barely had time to master these details when the voice of the first lieutenant shouted, clearly,

"Now, lads!"

And through the opposite door rushed a crowd of blue jackets, overpowering the sentry before he could even recover his musket, and grappling fiercely with the revelers, who, although taken by surprise, drew their revolvers and knives in an instant, and were ready for resistance.

The surgeon applying his shoulder to the frail sash, burst it in, and throwing himself through the aperture, laid an irresistible grasp upon the collar of a stout fellow in the uniform of a naval commander, and ordered him to yield himself prisoner. The Captain, who had just aimed his revolver at the curly head of Lieutenant Benton on the opposite side of the room, drew the trigger, but missed his mark, and with a furious oath turned upon his new antagonist, drawing a formidable bowie-knife, and thrusting savagely at his breast.

Seizing the uplifted wrist in his left hand, the Doctor suddenly shifted his right from the collar to the waist of his antagonist, and tripping him at the same instant, brought him heavily to the floor, disarmed him, and bound his arms behind his back with a bit of rope snatched from the surgeon's ready pocket.

"You're safe, my fine fellow," muttered the victor, coolly, as he rose to his feet and looked about for another antagonist. In a corner he saw little Benton grappling with a muscular rebel, whose brawn and muscle were evidently an overmatch for the stripling strength of the Lieutenant, even backed as it was by an illimitable amount of pluck. Both had lost their weapons, and the rebel (who, dressed in plain clothes, gave no indication of his rank) had succeeded in throwing his antagonist, and with one knee upon his chest, and one hand fiercely griping his throat, was at the moment the Doctor's eye fell upon him reaching after his knife.

Fenwick sprung across the room, but, slipping in a pool of blood, fell forward; and although he recovered himself almost immediately, the instant thus gained sufficed for the stalwart rebel to reach his weapon and raise it, with a fearful oath, over the heart of his prostrate victim. At this moment Fenwick, recovering his feet, threw himself upon the uplifted arm; but, although he diverted, he was too late to arrest the blow, and it fell, inflicting a long flesh wound upon the cheek and shoulder of the almost insensible lad.

"Coward!" shouted Dr. Fenwick, roused for the first time from his usual phlegmatic calm at seeing the blood of his young favorite, and wrenching the knife from the hand of the astonished rebel, he was about to inflict summary vengeance, when Ban, springing like a cat from the perch where he had crouched throughout the fray, shouting and screaming with all his might, alighted full upon the head of the Lieutenant's assailant, and bore him heavily to the ground.

"Now, Mas'r Doctor! Pitch in wid de knife. Ban hole him steddy fer yer."

"Hold hard, then, Ban." But much to the negro's disappointment, the Doctor, instead of the knife, merely armed himself with another bit of rope, of which it may be as well to confess he had prepared a small private stock for this very use, and proceeded to bind his second captive as securely as the first.

This done, and the fight being now well-nigh over, the surgeon turned his attention to the wounded Lieutenant, and was relieved at finding his wound far from serious.

"There, my boy," said he, after rapidly dressing it, with the help of his pocket-case of instruments and Ban's ready aid, "that's all over; and, if it smarts a little for a few days, console yourself by remembering how much better an honorable scar is than the stiffest of ologies."

The brave young fellow smiled gayly, in spite of the stinging pain of his wound, and was beginning to declare his determination of accompanying the party in the attack upon the schooner, when his lips suddenly turned white, his eyes rolled wildly, and he fell back insensible in Ban's arms.

"Poor lad! poor, brave boy!" murmured the grim surgeon in woman-soft tones. "It is his first experience. Ban, you must get some pillows and coverings, and make him comfortable here till morning, and then bring him off to the *Dragon-Fly*. Any other wounds to attend to?"

There were a few, but none very serious. The contest had been so brief and so close that it had been more of a hand-to-hand struggle than a fight, and few of the combatants had found time for more than one blow before the outnumbered and outwitted rebels had yielded themselves prisoners. These, being carefully bound, were now secured in the shanty to await the event of the attack on the schooner.

The surgeon's arrangements for the wounded Lieutenant were approved by the officer in command of the party, who, moreover, stimulated Ban to faithfulness and zeal by promises and threats, which the surgeon, with more tact, had omitted to employ.

"Mas'r Doctor, I wants to 'peak a lilly word to you den," whispered Ban, mysteriously, as the party were about to leave the cabin.

"Speak quickly, then, as we go down to the boat. There is no time to spare."

"Mas'r Doctor, dere's a gal in dah 'long o' my mammy dat's wantin' to git Norf powerful bad. How's we gwine to fix it?"

"A girl! What girl!"

"Name's Livy. She 'mos' white, an' she mighty pooty; do you eye good ter look at her. Too pooty to stay roun' dese parts, mas'r, 'less she one o' dem no 'count gals dat don' keer wot dey does. Livy ain't one o' dem sort, mas'r. She mighty good, an' so she run'd away from her ole mas'r, an' dad an' me fotcht her down here las' week. But she sot on gwine Norf."

"She is nearly white, very pretty, and has run away from her master because she wants to be virtuous?" asked the Doctor.

"Yis, mas'r, dem's um."

"Well, she must be helped. But she had better cut off her hair, pretty though it may be, and slip on a suit of Nep's clothes. Pretty young girls, especially if they are not white, are somewhat out of place in a man-of-war. Let her come off with you when you bring Lieutenant Benton to-morrow morning, and I will see what can be done."

They had now reached the strip of beach, and Ban was placed in one boat and Nep in the other to guide the helmsman in avoiding numerous rocks and shoals, rendering the vicinity of the Devil's Frying-Pan a very dangerous one to the uninitiated mariner.

The drowsy watch on board the schooner had scarcely recognized the cautious dip of oars as the two boats rapidly approached when they were alongside, and the crews swarming up the sides. Taken entirely by surprise, without officers or discipline, the rebel crew made but slight resistance, and the schooner was captured and its astonished inmates secured below hatches before many of them had fully understood their position.

The boats were next dispatched to the Devil's Frying-Pan for the prisoners and wounded, and no sooner were they aboard than sail was made upon the schooner, the rebel pilot consenting to serve his new masters as faithfully as he had done his old under temptation of a handsome reward in *posse*, and a loaded pistol in *esse*. And so well did he perform his task that, when the sun next morning shot his first rays across the blue Atlantic, they glanced aside in astonishment from the white sails and brilliant bulwarks of a large top-sail schooner anchored under the guns of the jubilant little sloop of war *Dragon-Fly*.

Not long after sunrise the clumsy old dug-out appeared creeping slowly across the sunny Sound, and on its nearer approach was found to contain Ban, the Lieutenant, already convalescent, and a smart-looking lad of quadroon caste, with great shadowy eyes and cheeks, where the color came and went each time that any body looked at him.

No sooner were the three aboard than Ban drew the Doctor aside.

"Mas'r," asked he, anxiously, "what dey gwine to do wid de prize—dem *Sword-Fish?*"

"Send her to New York, Ban, under a prize-master and crew."

"An' w'y couldn' dis yer boy—Tom's his name, mas'r—why couldn' he an' me go long wid 'em?"

"You can, I suppose. But why are you going, Ban; your family are all free, why do you care to go North?"

"Now, mas'r, dat am powerful hard question fer to answer; but I's tell ye honest, an' then yer kin laugh ef yer o' mineter. De truf is, mas'r, dat dis chile can't help—"

"Well, Ban?"

"Mas'r, ain't she powerful harnsum?"

"What, this boy Tom?"

"Hi, hi! mas'r," chuckled the negro, nervously. "Dey don' pull de wool ober you eyes berry easy. Well now, ain't she a picter?"

"She is very handsome certainly," assented the Doctor, wondering more and more what all this should come to.

"Well, mas'r, dough I's dat ugly dat I nebber dare to look down in de water w'en it still, I's got eyes, an' I knows dat Livy mighty nice gal to look at, an' got awful pooty ways too, an' de sof'est leetly v'ice dat eber you hear, mas'r. Now I don' 'spec'," and here Ban sighed deeply, "dat dis pooty leetly gal gwine to look at a pore ugly creter like dis yer, dough mas'r she's dat good an' kin' to ebery one dat she nebber showed she t'ought Ban look any dif'ent from Nep, fac' she olluz seemed 'o like Ban de bes', an' so, mas'r, I's gwine to foller she wharsumebber she goes, trew de worl', an' take keer ob her, an' work fer her, an' see dat no one do she harm, an' den ef she take up wid some good feller by-an'-by, w'y Ban will be de fus' to say, 'All right.'"

"Poor Ban," said the Doctor, softly, his dark eyes shining as he looked down upon the misshapen form that had so unexpectedly developed a heart romantic and delicate as that of a poet.

"Boat ahoy!" hailed the look-out, and the Doctor turned to see Nep's agile form suddenly appear over the rail. He respectfully doffed his torn hat to the Captain upon the quarter-deck, but his eyes eagerly ranged forward until they fell upon the form of the disguised quadroon girl, and the Doctor saw with a real pang of grief and dismay that as Livy met this gaze her own eyes drooped suddenly, and she blushed intensely.

"Poor Ban!" murmured the Doctor again, and went aft to hear Nep offering his services as seaman on board the prize into whatever Northern port she might be bound for.

"All right boy! Your brother and that other fellow have just shipped as passengers, and you can work your passage and theirs too."

"Yis, mas'r," joyfully assented Nep, and hastened forward to Livy, who shyly welcoming him, soon allowed herself to be drawn aside to the bows, where leaning over the rail, a long and whispered conversation ensued.

Dr. Fenwick returned to Ban.

The dwarf was squatted in a coil of rope, his arms grotesquely crossed upon his knees and his chin resting upon them. But the deep eyes of the kindly surgeon saw no grotesquerie, no deformity in the soul that dimly struggled up and looked out in the gaze that the dwarf so steadily fixed upon the graceful and happy lovers.

Had Ban shown jealousy, anger, revenge, the Doctor would have consoled him with money, and turned away with his habit of cynicism a shade more firmly fixed upon him. But the uncouth features and great eyes showed none of these, nothing but deep despair struggling with a love that could not be crushed but would be purified and elevated by its very hopelessness.

Dr. Fenwick took his hand out of his pocket, and sat down in another coil of rope, close beside him.

"Ban, you are a man. Now is the time to show it," said he, quietly.

"Yis, mas'r," said Ban, in a choked voice.

"If I can help you, Ban, in this or any thing else, remember I am your friend."

"T'ank you berry kin'ly, mas'r," said the negro, in the same tone, but never moving his eyes from those two graceful figures.

"What do you mean to do now, Ban?" asked the Doctor again after a little pause.

"Folly her trew de worl', an' sarve her faithful, an'—an' him fer her sake," said Ban, and the Doctor humbly said,

"Shake hands with me, Ban. You are stronger than I."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Why is a journey by railway like a street row?—Because it is a *low commotion* (locomotion).

An Irish physician was called to examine the corpse of another Irishman, who had been assassinated. "This person," said he, after inspecting the body, "was so ill that if he had not been murdered he would have died half an hour before."

A Painful Reflection.—It is in matrimony as in warfare—there is many a conference without an armistice. In fact, we have known (to our sorrow, be it mentioned, as well as to the sorrow of innumerable others) the fighting to have been all the fiercer while the conference was going on, and even to have continued with tremendous severity long after the conference had been over. It may appear like weakness or cowardice not to have parted the belligerents; but the truth is, intervention, in such cases, is always a most perilous proceeding. He who interferes generally is exposed to the fire of both sides.

Why is a lawyer's mouth like a toll-bar gate?—Because it is seldom opened but for money.

A dull day, and an empty pocket, and being in love, affect a man's spirits most seriously.

The man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper has been trying to get a perpendicular view of a rainbow.

George Selwyn once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said Lady G. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her ladyship, when after her signature stood: "P. S.—Who is right now, you or I?"

At the close of a silly book the author, as usual, printed the word "Finis." A wit put this among the errata, with the pointed couplet:

> "Finis!—An error or a lie, my friend!
> In writing foolish books—there is no end!"

Hints to those who Ride in Omnibuses.—Never, on any account, assist any person, particularly if such person be infirm or a female, in passing in or out. Scrupulously avoid making room for a new-comer, although you may occupy twice as much of the seat as you have any right to. Be particular in placing your wet umbrella as close against your neighbor as possible. Always stretch out your legs so that your feet may be an annoyance to your opposite fellow-passenger. If you carry a stick do not fail to stand it between your knees, and, resting both hands thereon, thrust your elbows out to the inconvenience of those persons who may be fortunate enough to be sitting near you. Never ride outside, not even on a beautiful warm day, to oblige a lady, unless she be young and pretty.

Who finds all the umbrellas that every body loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrella he buys, but we have never got acquainted with the man that finds them. Can any one answer the question before the next rain?

Retort Uncourteous.—"Do you know," said a would-be wit to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together at Newgate?" "Indeed, brother; then it's as well you and I are not there!"

A couple of travelers stopping at the Hôtel Français, in the city of Cordova, the capital of the Argentine Confederation, were surprised and amused by noticing on the bill of fare, "Eggs on horseback!" Determined to know what it meant they called for the equestrian dish, when it was steak with two eggs on the top.

Quilp says that women will pardon a great deal to their own sex unless they are guilty of beauty. When they say they "don't like the looks of that woman," you may be pretty certain that *men* do! Quilp had better look out for his hair.

The distinguished individual known among the ancients as Cupid has recently changed his name to Cupidity, and will hereafter devote his attention to matters of money as well as matrimony.

Umbrellas.—"There are three umbrellas," said little Nell. "The hat is one—the smallest; the umbrella is another; and the sky is the third—the greatest of them all, but also the leakiest."

Life's "Play-ground."—The church-yard.

"Jane," said a wag, "it's all over town." "What's all over town?" "Mud." Jane's eyes dropped.

Whisky is quoted as unsteady. So are those who drink it.

"What o'clock is it?" "I don't know, but 'tis only a question of time."

A fellow's eye may be cowardly when his nose is *pugnacious*.

The *Maid of Judah* is announced from Melbourne with 3200 ounces of gold. Brown says that's the maid for him.

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "When does mortification ensue?" "When you pop the question, and are answered No."

Foote, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him if he had ever been at Cork. "No, Sir," said Foote, "but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

"It is remarkable that you are always forgetting my name," said a quasi-acquaintance named Flint. "Why," said Quilp, "it is a confounded hard name to remember."

"None of your raillery," as the stage-coach said to the steam-engine.

"There is no living with you," as the thief said to Jack Ketch.

Little Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh yes; I know," said the child; "it is a whisper of a laugh."

Angry Man to cool Opponent. "You'll come to the gallows some day."

Cool One. "With pleasure, if you will let me know when you are to be hanged."

A skeptic once said to Dr. Parr, "That he would not believe any thing he could not understand." To which the Doctor replied, "Then, Sir, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

A person who looks at the world in somewhat gloomy colors recently complained, in M. Auber's presence, how hard it was that people must grow old. "Hard as it is," replied the veteran composer, "it seems to me the only means of enjoying long life."

"Who was David?" asked a Government Inspector, examining a school not many miles from Canterbury. "The son of Jesse, and King of Israel," replied the boy. "Who was Jesse?" "The Flower of Dumblane."

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that?" "Thin," replied the other, "I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."

Doctor Bolus, who was very angry when any joke was passed on his profession, once said, "I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect." "That you may do safely, Doctor," replied a wag; "dead men tell no tales!"

During the recent performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at a provincial theatre, the fair *Juliet's* question, in the soliloquy before taking the sleeping draught, "What if this mixture do not work at all?" was answered by an urchin in the gallery, "Then take a dose of pills."

Sir Robert Walpole was fond of playing at billiards, at which his friend, Dr. Monsey, excelled him. "How happens it, Monsey," said Sir Robert, "that nobody beats me at billiards or contradicts me but you?" "The solution is easy," answered Monsey; "I want neither places nor money from you; perhaps if I did, I should be as great a bungler at billiards as you are."

A large steamboat proprietor, although a man of immense wealth, is an old-fashioned Methodist, and dresses very plainly at all times, and sometimes rather shabbily. Being on one of his own steamers, not long since, he was accosted by a passenger, who took him for one of the crew, with the interrogatory, "Do you belong to this boat?" "No," said he, quietly, "the boat belongs to me!"

A white man not long since sued a black man in one of the courts of a Free State, and while the trial was before the judge the litigants came to an amicable settlement, and so the counsel stated to the court. "A verbal settlement will not answer," replied the judge; "it must be in writing." "Here is the agreement in black and white," responded the counsel, pointing to the parties; "pray what does your Honor want more than this?"

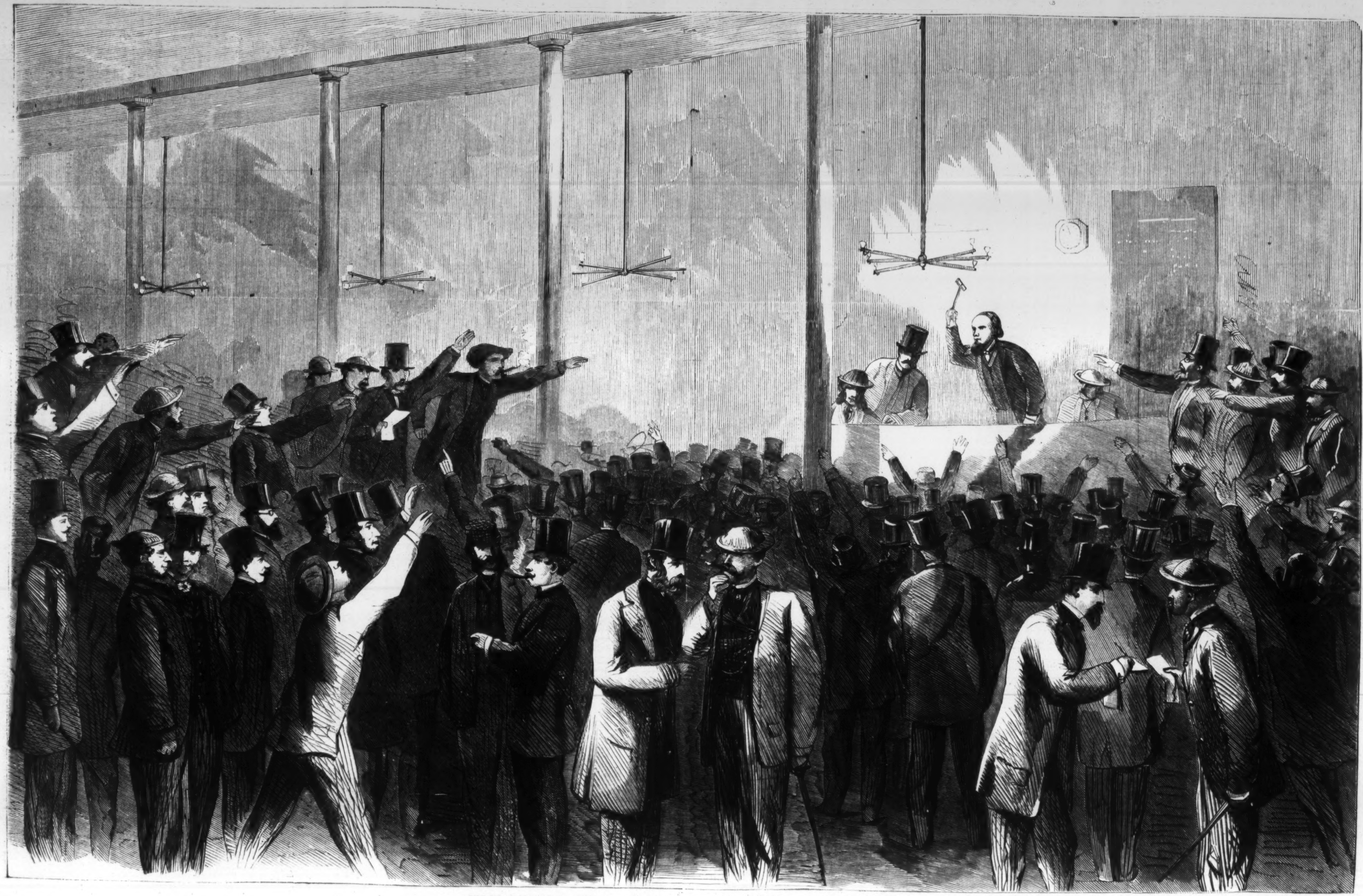
DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What is the difference between form and ceremony?
You sit upon one, and stand on the other.

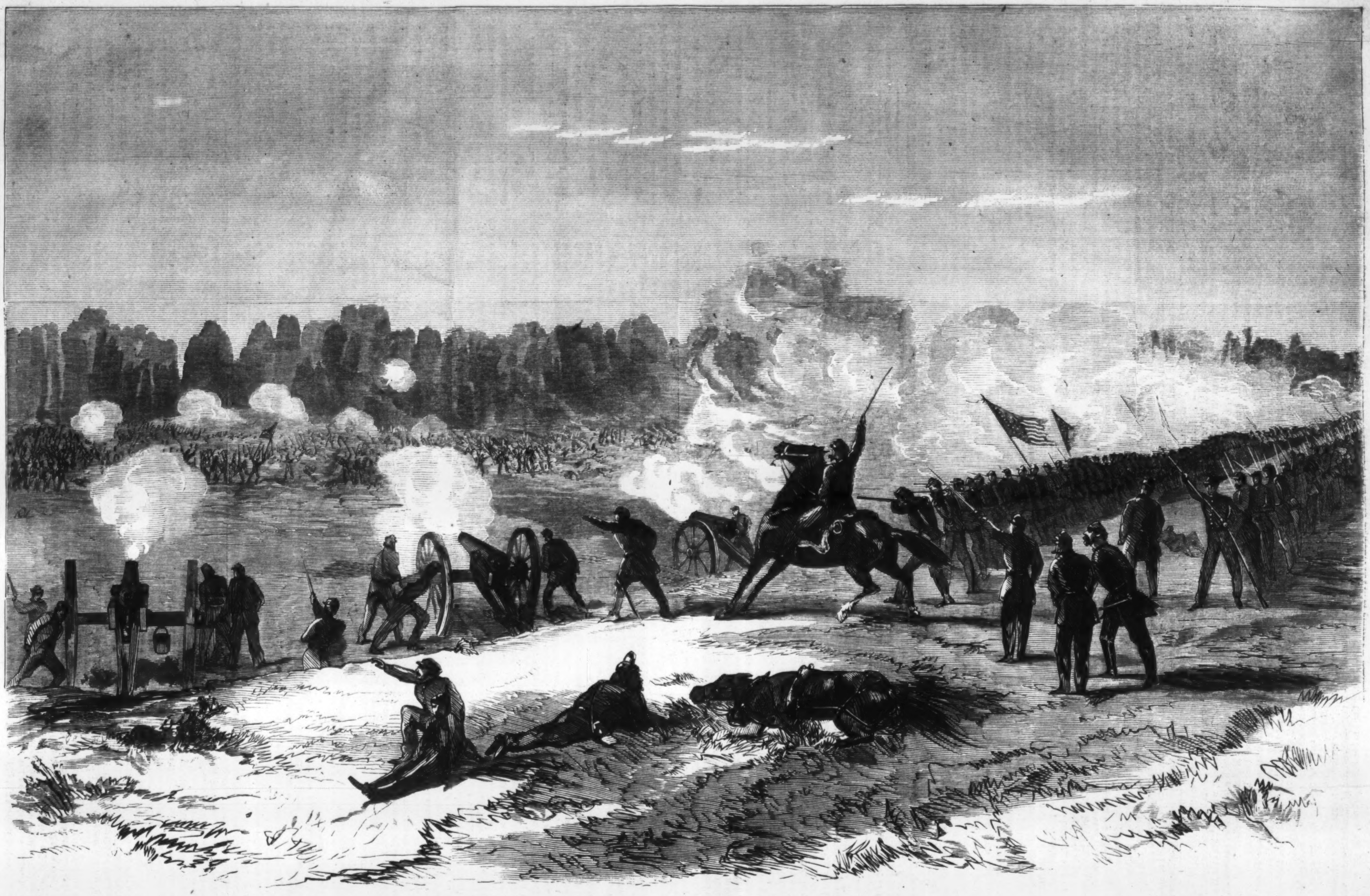
What was Joan of Arc made of?
Made (maid) of Orleans.

> I view the world in little space,
> Am always ranging and changing place:
> No food I eat, but by my power,
> Procure what all the world devour?

Sun.



STOCK GAMBLING AT "GALLAGHER'S EVENING EXCHANGE."—[See Page 299.]



REPULSE OF THE REBELS AT PLEASANT HILL, LOUISIANA.—[See Page 291.]

THE SWEETEST SONG.

CLOUDS were flying, blue skies glancing
Bright and shy as April bluebirds
  Or a bashful maiden's eyes;
Coral reefs of maple-blossoms
  Reached up toward the changeful skies.

Violet censers wafted fragrance,
Crocus-cups stood brimmed with beauty
  And the new wine of the spring;
Eagerly I drank and drank it
  From earth, air, and every thing.

I had turned my steps that morning
From the restless, sombre city,
  To a quiet port I know,
Where the houses, quaint and olden,
  All cast anchor years ago.

There in grass-grown paths I lingered,
Listening to the waves' low laughter
  Breaking on a pebbly shore;
Sweet their free, glad chorus after
  Winter and the town's uproar.

Long I lingered; balm for lonely,
Tired spirits groweth only
  In some green, still haunt like this;
And I turned away, reluctant,
  From a spot so full of peace.

Homeward, past long rows of houses,
Past low fields where famine browses,
  Gaunt and lean as Pharaoh's dream;
But I heard a blithe bird singing,
  And the sky wore April's gleam.

And adown the trodden pathway
Stepped a little figure toward me,
  Spring winds blowing back her hair;
Something, ere I met her, drew me,
  In her quaint yet childish air.

As she nearer came, I wondered
What it was this trim, small Quaker
  Prattled to herself about,
Till I heard, "Put on my shaker,"
  Spoken without fear or doubt.

Then I stooped to do her bidding,
Kissed her lips, and saw the treasure
  Which her chubby, small hands held—
Pebbles gathered from the road-side,
  That was all *my* eyes beheld.

If you'll tell me what the brooks say,
And the crocuses and robins,
  I'll translate her artless lay;
But I know whose was the sweetest
  Of all songs I heard that day.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LILY IS SENT FOR TO THE DRAWING-ROOM.

YEARS sped on, and the baby became a child, the child a school-girl. Years sped on—outside in wars, tumults, and revolts, in famines and shipwrecks, in debates and dancing-parties, in pestilence and in new operas; inside, in the same dull round of little tasks, little duties, little quarrels, little pleasures, little pains. Rhododendron House did not trouble itself about Corporation Reform, or the new Poor-Law Board. Unmoved it beheld Strasburg expeditions, Fieschi conspiracies, trials of Dorchester laborers. Fashions came in and came out, but there was no material alteration in the cut of pinafores at Stockwell. Corn-law questions convulsed the country, and Miss Bunnycastle grumbled at the baker's bill, but the five-and-thirty boarders had four thin parallelograms apiece, of bread thinly veneered with Dorset butter, for breakfast, and four for tea, whether wheat was up or down in the market. Currency controversies agitated parliaments, engendered monstrous blue-books, and made financiers' lives a burden to them; but every Saturday, at noon, Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle appeared in the school-room with a tray set out with the boarders' weekly pocket-money, piled in symmetrical little heaps, mainly composed of coppers. The hebdomadal average was fourpence. A young lady who had sixpence a week was held to have an intimate connection with the plutocracy; a shilling a week, and she was set down wealthy. As for the parlor-boarders, who brought golden sovereigns to school with them after the holidays, and were continually having five shillings (with a cake) sent to them per carrier, they were considered as daughters of the house of Rothschild. Miss Dallwallah had once actually exhibited a five-pound note, payable on demand by the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. It was bran-new, crisp, and gleaming. She showed it to her chosen companions as a mark of high favor toward them. Many were of opinion that it should be framed and glazed. Mrs. Bunnycastle, alarmed at the idea of a young lady not yet sixteen having so much money, remonstrated with Mr. Coopinghurst, the commercial gentleman in Austin Friars who was the agent in England of Miss Dallwallah's papa, and at whose country-house at Balham the Sultana Scheherazade passed her Midsummer and Christmas holidays. Mr. Coopinghurst curtly replied, that, if Mrs. Bunnycastle was not satisfied with her pupil, he was ready to remove the young lady at the next vacation, and that, indeed, he had been thinking of seeking out a superior school for Miss Dallwallah, who, in all probability, would be the inheritress of great wealth. Mrs. Bunnycastle thenceforth grumbled no more; if the Begum had brought half a dozen lacs of rupees back with her in her play-box at the beginning of the next half-year, the schoolmistress would never have proffered a word of complaint.

Lily had grown up to be eight years old. It was agreed on all hands that, although her figure was graceful and well formed, she would never be tall. She had developed by easy stages, and had not "shot up" in the bean-stalk fashion. The Bunnycastles granted that her brown hair was very soft and wavy, that her hands and feet were very small, that her skin was exquisitely white, that her eyes were very large and blue, that her mouth was delicate and well formed, and garnished with teeth of irreproachable regularity and whiteness; but they authoritatively declared that she was not pretty, and would never become a beauty. She would be "pleasing," nothing more. The truth must out, and I don't think the Bunnycastles libeled her; Lily's nose was so decidedly retroussé as to be close upon the absolute snub. But it was a very charming little nose for all that—the coral and ivory nostrils almost transparent, the bridge slight and short, but coquettish, as a bridge over an artificial rivulet in a pleasure-garden. Then her forehead was decidedly a little too low. It has been my fortune to make acquaintance with a number of ladies and gentlemen of all ages, with foreheads as broad and lofty as pumpkins, and who were more or less idiots; therefore I am not disposed to abide by the dictum of Miss Barbara Bunnycastle, who deplored the shallowness of Lily's brow, and was certain that she would turn out a fool. Finally, the shape of her visage inclined more to the square than to the oval. Unrelieved by expression or animation Lily's face would, from physiognomists—whose broad principles of doctrine one should respect, but whose minute dogmatism on details is to be contemned—have received a sweeping verdict of censure. It is certain that Miss Furblow, the draper's daughter, who was not very refined in her conversation, once told Lily that she had a face like the portrait of Mr. Tom Spring, the prize-fighter. But all that was irregular and all that was animal in the little girl's countenance found compensation, a hundredfold, in the merry smile that lighted up her lineaments at the slightest encouragement; in the wistful, wishing, intelligent beam that played in her eyes; in her soft and pleading look when she was told a doleful tale. She had a temper of her own, a warm and somewhat peppery one, but it found no vent in black looks, bitten lips, flashing eyes, and clenched hands. When she was moved she turned very red, and spoke very quickly, and then all the pent-up feelings found relief in a flood of passionate tears. It was dangerous to meddle with her then, for she would shake you off with that delightful childish backward movement of the hand which can only be thoroughly conveyed to the mind of a non-spectator by registering the accompanying interjection: the French "Na," the English "I sha'n't." But when Lily had said "I sha'n't," and "Be quiet" (in crescendo), and "It's a shame," a few times, she calmed down, and the sun of her smiles came out in splendor. Her tempers were as easy to quell as they were difficult to rouse. She would bear a prodigious amount of teasing. Injuries, cross words, she would endure with a surprising meekness and equanimity; or she would strive to disarm her persecutor by caresses and endearing speech. But contempt irritated her. She was, when scorned, as pugnacious as a robin-redbreast. You might laugh at her, but it were better not to sneer at her. Perhaps this passionate resentment of contumely arose from Lily being somewhat vain.

She was now eight years old, and neither a dunce nor an intellectual prodigy. Her masters and mistresses had very few complaints to bring against her. Since that first memorable morning when she sat down on the drugget and said, "I won't," she had always rendered an implicit and cheerful obedience to Mrs. Bunnycastle and her assistants. In the way of "doing as she was told" she was a pattern to the other young ladies. Now and then in the school-room she was reprimanded for talking at unseasonable times; for her tongue was as alert and vivacious as the "clever pony" in a butcher's cart, and required to be reined in occasionally. Now and then Miss Barbara had had to scold her for carelessness, for treading her shoes down at heel, for inking her pinafore, or losing her pocket-handkerchief. Once or twice one of the governesses—but this was when Lily was very young indeed—had been compelled to interfere when she was in her tempers, and had recommended a short sojourn in the corner as a means of cooling those tempers down. These were her gravest scholastic offenses, unless, indeed, I take account of one or two desperate attempts she made when she got older to shield her play-fellows from reproof, and to take upon herself the blame they had incurred. I believe all candid and unprejudiced instructresses of feminine youth who read this will agree with me that the two master vices with which they have to cope are the proneness of their young charges to pertness and sauciness in reply, and their painful addictedness to that form of deception which is known as "slyness." But Lily was never pert, and she could not be sly. With the exception of the attempts at shielding offenders mentioned above, which were usually so transparent as to be at once detected, she would not venture even upon a white lie.

Be it also, to the honor of the little woman, recorded that she never grumbled. Now, in order to be a grumbler at school it does not at all follow that you must be ill treated. Discontent is as often the result of satiety as of privation. A lapdog oftener growls over his chicken and cream than a mongrel does over his bare bone. At plentiful harvests farmers (who murmur at every thing, and would have "wanted rain" in the Garden of Eden) murmur most. I dare say that a work-house child fed on gruel and "seconds" bread from year's end to year's end is, in the long-run, less given to repine at her lot than a young lady at boarding-school, with three abundant meals a day, and the certainty of enjoying meals as many, and as abundant, on the morrow. The Bunnycastles were economical, and made as much out of the housekeeping as they, with decency, conveniently could; but they neither starved the five-and-thirty, nor fed them on coarse and unwholesome food, pregnant with boils, and blains, and skin diseases. The butcher's cart called regularly, and the joints he brought were, if not prime, nourishing. But Lily lived, nevertheless, in an atmosphere of grumbling. The great girls had no dearer pastime than to gird at their instructresses, and accuse them of the most deliberate meanness in the article of dietary. The Miss Bunnycastles could never assume a new silk dress without its being darkly hinted in the school-room that it was "got out of us girls." The first plateful of meat at dinner-time was denounced as shamefully deficient as to quantity and quality; the second "help" was held up to scorn as a shameful and cruel imposture. The Wednesday mess of fish and boiled rice was cited as a standing attempt to rob the boarders of their due, and their parents of the money they paid. "Unlimited diet indeed!" would cry Miss Furblow, tossing up her head. "Is that nasty suet-pudding they give us twice a week unlimited diet?" Satirical poems were made against the meat-pie, which made its appearance every Monday morning. Occasionally the round of beef and mutton was relieved by a piece of veal, and then the malcontents declared that Clodshop (Clodshop was the butcher) had lost a calf by disease, and had sold it to the Bunnycastles cheap. There was no end to their grumbling. Lily listened to it all, marveling greatly, but forbearing to join in the chorus of complaints. She ate her meals thankfully, and did not find her food either scanty or repulsive. Perhaps she was too young to be a judge of cookery. Perhaps, never having had a home, she was not in a position to draw invidious comparisons. And yet I scarcely think that the young ladies who were among the most inveterate grumblers had been, as a rule, nursed in the lap of luxury; many of them had been at other schools, where they were worse treated and worse fed. But it was the fashion to abuse the dietary; and those who spoke well of it were voted mean-spirited creatures. The insatiable appetite of female youth—for between ten and fourteen there are few things, out of the line of a cormorant, to equal a girl's voracity—may have had something to do with it; nor, on the other hand, are young ladies at school the only persons in the world who are given to quarreling with their bread-and-butter.

If Lily had been any thing of a tale-teller there would have been sad work between the authorities and the pupils, owing to these chronic criticisms on the cuisine. The child had full license to come and go between the school-room and the parlor; and might have been found a very convenient spy in the two naturally hostile camps. A Jesuit's mouth would have watered to instruct her in the arts of secret diplomacy; but she knew nothing of leasing-making; and somehow her open face and artless ways made those who might have trained her to be a hypocrite at school ashamed of their design, and abortive in their intent.

She had now been three years and a half at Rhododendron House, and the sum agreed upon for her maintenance and education had been regularly paid in yearly sums, always in advance, by orders on a banker in Cornhill. The drafts came accompanied by short notes written in a foreign hand, but in very good English: in which a person signing himself J. B. Constant said that he had the honor to inclose the amount of Miss Floris's account, and that he would not trouble Mrs. Bunnycastle to make any communication to him, for the information of her papa or to the young lady's health and progress, since, from means at his command, he was well informed upon those matters himself. To the satisfaction of the Bunnycastles at receiving so liberal a stipend for the board and education of such a very little girl was added a vague apprehension of losing her if they did not treat her with every kindness, and a dim consciousness that their proceedings were being watched over by some occult external influence. It was under these circumstances, and when Lily was fast verging upon her ninth year, that she was one morning dressed in her best and told that she was to be taken at once to the drawing-room, where a strange lady waited to see her.

CHAPTER XIX.

LILY'S VISITORS.

MISS FLORIS sent for to the drawing-room! A strange lady for Lily! The whole school wondered at the news. There was a commotion. The very maid-servants were amazed. Such a thing had never occurred during the little girl's three years and a half's residence at Rhododendron House. She had been set down, by general acceptation: not as a friendless child—for that implied pauperism, and the regular discharge of Lily's school-bills was sufficient evidence of her having friends somewhere—but as one whose connections, whoever they were, resided far away, and were deterred, by major reasons, from coming to visit her.

Miss Dallwallah was, to some extent, in the same position: the requirements of the Indian Civil Service detaining her papa in his distant bungalow, and her mamma being dead; but no one would have dared to call Miss Dallwallah friendless. The Begum went home, regularly for the holidays, to the commercial gentleman at Balham; whereas Lily had never passed, save under scholastic escort, the outer gates of Rhododendron House. Those weary weeks passed in the deserted school-room and the scarcely less deserted house—for the Miss Bunnycastles were accustomed in holiday-time to repair to the pleasant shores of Ramsgate and Margate in quest of health and husbands; and Mrs. Bunnycastle was not, at the best of times, very amusing company for a little girl not yet eight years of age—were full of sorrowful memories for Lily. Inquisitive as she was, and fond of the contemplation of external objects that she might build mental speculations upon them, one is apt to grow tired at last of peering into inkstands in whose caked depths florid growths of white fungi have accumulated. The dusty débris of last half's slate pencils will at last lose their charm, and novelty cease to emerge from the names of by-gone pupils cut on desks and forms. Lily remembered, with a shuddering dread, the lonely dinners and teas that used to be served to her in the school-room; the sepulchral ticking of clocks all over the premises; the boldness of a certain black rat that used to sally from beneath the meat-screen book-case, and watch her as she fed, and wink at her with fierce red eyes, as though he said, "Drop me plenty of crumbs or, by my grandmother's whiskers, I will scale the stool on which your tiny body is perched and eat you up!" Lily was always glad when the holidays were over. And when Mrs. Bunnycastle's young friends came back grumbling, as usual, at having to recommence their studies and leave their beds when the "getting-up" bell rang, she wondered, in her simple soul, whatever they could have to be discontented with.

After she had been dressed, and brushed, and tidied, and made generally spruce and shining as a new pin, Miss Barbara took her by the hand, and led her to the best parlor.

There was a lady waiting for her. She was a very handsome lady, not in her first youth, but in her second, which, very probably, was handsomer than the first had been. She was very splendidly dressed: so splendidly that Lily, suddenly collecting all that she had heard about the Arabian Nights, instantly put her down as the absolute and visible impersonation of that Sultana Scheherazade, of whom Miss Dallwallah was the imaginary type. She had a great deal of silk about her that rustled, and of lace that fluttered, and of flowers that waved, and a great many ornaments of jewels and gold that jingled and made a shine. It occurred to Lily that had she purchased the picture of that lady from the gallery of Mr. Marks, or Mr. Park, for a penny plain, she would cost at least twelve-and-sixpence to emblazon and finish off completely in tinsel.

The visitor did not appear, however, to be either a very patient or a very good-tempered lady. She had been kept for some time waiting, and it had made her cross. She was drumming on the ground with her feet, and rapping Mrs. Bunnycastle's great circular walnut-wood drawing-room table with her parasol: a potent lady, indeed, so to presume to rap that revered article of furniture! Moreover, when Miss Barbara, with Lily meekly trotting after her, entered the apartment, she turned to the former with a very quick and fierce movement, and said:

"Had you not better keep me all day? Is this little brat a princess that I am to dance attendance for hours before she grants me an audience?"

Lily opened her eyes at being spoken of as a brat. No such ill-natured term had ever yet been applied to her. This was evidently a very cross lady: as cross as the tall English teacher who was sent away for pulling the girls' ears when they were remiss in their geography—the Miss Bunnycastles observing, at the time, and with perfect propriety and candor, that, if any thing of that kind was to be done, they could do it themselves. Lily noticed, too, apart from the angry vehemence of the lady's manner, that her voice did not resemble that of the Bunnycastles, or of any English girl in the school. She spoke more like Mademoiselle, for shortness called "Mamselle," French governess at Rhododendron House, who was accustomed to rail against the Bunnycastles as "tyrannical Megæras," to have the toothache, and to weep about her ancestors.

Miss Barbara drew herself up somewhat at being thus abruptly addressed. Alone, it would not have so much mattered; but, in the presence of a scholar, to be snubbed was intolerable. Did not Doctor Busby, when he went over Westminster School with King Charles the Second, apologize to his Majesty for keeping his hat on, upon the ground that if his boys were led for an instant to imagine that there was in the whole world a greater personage than he, his authority would be lost forever? So Miss Barbara drew herself up, and looked sharp-edged rulers, or whatever the law of kindness was capable of resorting to in moments of resentment, at the aggressor.

"My mamma, Madam," she explained, with the polite severity of offended dignity, "is confined to her bed by sickness, else she would have received you. My sisters are detained in the school-room by their scholastic duties. With my own hands I have prepared Miss Floris for the visit which, during three years and a half, her friends have never condescended to pay her instructresses."

"She ought not to want any preparation," returned the lady, with undiminished violence. "Do you keep her in a pig-sty, that she is not fit to be seen when her"—she stopped herself for an instant—"when her friends call upon her? Come here, child."

Lily answered the summons not very willingly. The handsome angry lady terrified her. She was accustomed, however, to do as she was bid, and obeyed the command: approaching the lady, however, sideways, and with one small forefinger in her mouth.

"Don't look like a fool!" cried the handsome lady.

Lily did not know what else to look like; or, to an uninterested spectator, she might have looked very much like a little girl in active preparation for a good cry. Her perturbation was increased when the strange visitor, pulling the child toward her, and with no very gentle hand offered very unmistakable evidence that she was about to undress her. She stayed her hand, however, at the sight of Lily's little gleaming white shoulders, which—a most curious and inconsequential lady this—she proceeded, incontinent, to cover with very fierce hot kisses. And then, that nothing might be wanting to the oddity of her demeanor, she pushed the child away again.

"There," she said, "I see you're clean enough. Do you give her a bath every morning?" she resumed, addressing Miss Barbara.

"Miss Floris," retorted that young lady, combining a diplomatic evasion with much moral suavity, "has constantly received unremitting attention, both as regards her physical and mental requirements."

"How fine you schoolmistresses talk!" the lady went on, not, apparently, in the slightest degree touched by the governess's eloquence. "It is all in the advertisement, I suppose—l'annonce. What is your name, child?"

The little girl opened her eyes, and Miss Barbara opened hers too. Had not the strange lady asked for Miss Floris?

"Lily," the child answered.

"Lily what?"

"Lily Floris, ma'am."

"Beast of a name. We must change it. How old are you?"

Lily looked appealingly at Miss Barbara.

"I have reason to believe," Miss Bunnycastle remarked, with lofty condescension, "that Miss Floris is rapidly approaching her eighth birthday."

"Are you happy here?" resumed the lady, not deigning to acknowledge Miss Bunnycastle's volunteered statement.

"Yes, ma'am," the child replied, with all the sincerity of eight years of age. The lady frowned at this somewhat; but Miss Bunnycastle rendered thanks to Lily, in her secret soul. "It was always an engaging little thing," she admitted mentally.

"Do they beat you?" the lady continued.

"No, ma'am," the child returned, opening her eyes wider than ever.

"Tant pis," said the lady. "When I was young they used to beat me like a sack. It is true," she added, turning to Miss Barbara.

Miss Bunnycastle made a genteel inclination of the head, which might mean any thing; but I believe that in the recesses of her mind the thought just then was uppermost, that if that handsome lady had been one of her young lady-boarders, and of a convenient age, she would have given her some viva voce exemplifications of the law of kindness, which should have been of a nature to astonish her.

"I suppose it's good for children, the stick, and all that," the lady added, musing. "It did me a torrent of good, to be sure. It made me love every body so. There," she cried, giving her body a sudden wrench, as though she wished to rid herself of an unpleasant theme of thought, "I dare say you're too frightened to tell the truth while your schoolmistress is near. Please to have her dressed, and I will take her out for a walk."

The last part of her speech was addressed to Miss Barbara, and the governess thought it high time to make a stand upon it.

"Madam," she said, with freezing politeness, "Miss Floris was placed here, three years and a half since, by two gentlemen who, in confiding her—then almost an infant—to our charge, strictly stipulated that she was never to leave it, save under direct instructions from—"

"Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant," the lady interposed, and, for a wonder, very coolly. "I know all about that. M. Constant is the agent for Miss Floris's guardian, and M. Constant pays her school-bills every year."

"Precisely so," Miss Barbara returned. "Therefore without instructions from M. Constant—"

"You wouldn't let her go: at least you'd say you wouldn't, although, if I choose, I'd have the child out of this house if fifty dragoons with drawn swords stood at the door to oppose it. But what nonsense all this is! Do you know the handwriting of M. Jean Baptiste Constant?"

"Perfectly well, Madam."

"Then read that: get the child's hat and pelisse on, and let me hear no more about it."

She opened a pretty reticule, all velvet and golden beads, and flung rather than handed to Miss Bunnycastle a note written in M. Constant's remarkably small and neat handwriting, in which, with many compliments to the amiable Madame and Mesdemoiselles Bunnycastle, he requested them, in all respects, to obey such directions as should be given to them in respect to Miss Lily Floris, by Madame la Comtesse de Prannes, that young lady's nearest female relative.

"The letter, I see, is dated Paris," Miss Bunnycastle replied, after reading and re-reading the note, but still with a certain amount of hesitation.

"Whence else?" returned the lady, with impetuosity. "He being in Paris. M. Jean Baptiste Constant is ill. He is in bed. He has an aneurism."

"And you, Madam?"

"You are very inquisitive. I am Miss Floris's nearest female relative. I am Madame la Comtesse de Prannes. There is my card, which I gave to your dirty slut of a servant. Would you like to know any thing else? Where I was born? When I was baptized? At what age I made my first communion?"

The last straw broke the camel's back. The Bunnycastle had borne, though with much inward raging, with all the discourtesy of the strange lady, but that allusion to her neat-handed Phillis as a "dirty slut" was too much for her. She cast M. J. B. Constant's letter from her, and, with a heightening color, exclaimed:

"I won't let the dear little child go. I don't know who you are, or what you mean. Your manners are most insulting, and unless the gentlemen come themselves to fetch Miss Floris, or M. Constant sends a messenger who knows how to behave herself, the darling sha'n't go. Do you want to go, Lily?"

The subject of this controversy, simply reasoning that the strange lady frightened her, and that she was very fond of Miss Bunnycastle, and, moreover, that it was decidedly preferable to be called a darling than a brat, replied, her little heart palpitating violently, that she was very happy where she was, and that she didn't want to go away with any body.

"I thought so!" Miss Barbara exclaimed, triumphantly catching the child to her. "A pretty thing, indeed, to be tutored and domineered over in one's own house. You have your answer, Madam, and I must wish you a good-morning." And she made as though she would have rung the bell to have the importunate visitor ushered out.

But Miss Barbara Bunnycastle reckoned without her host. The strange lady rose in a rage.

"You devil!" she cried. Such language in a genteel establishment for young ladies! "I will have the child. Do your worst. I say she shall go with me. You mad-woman, go and ask your mother and sisters, and they will make you listen to reason. Call in the police, if you like, and see what a charming figure your school will make in the journals. Go, idiot, and take advice!"

She set her teeth together, and glared at Miss Barbara as though she would devour her. The schoolmistress was fairly appalled. Was the lady mad? Something must be done, and on reflection she concluded that the best thing she could do was to consult Celia and Adelaide. The front gate was fast locked, and the lady would hardly be so desperate, she thought, as to scale the iron railings. But how to leave her in the drawing-room, and how to get her away from Lily?

The stranger seemed to divine her thoughts. "Ring the bell, if you like," she said, "and tell the other women to come here. I'm not afraid of twenty of them. But I'll tell you what! Before I leave this room without the child, I'll smash every window, and set fire to the house." And the lady decidedly looked as though she meant what she said.

It was a strange dilemma; an uprooting of all the conventionalities, an unheard-of revolution in the ordinarily placid world of Rhododendron House. A servant was rung for, and the Miss Bunnycastles summoned. Then a special embassy was dispatched to Mrs. Bunnycastle up stairs; but the old lady, who was now growing very feeble, and was not quite valid, mentally, could suggest nothing, and confined herself to a general remark that "she never heard of such goings on." As a last resource, Mr. Drax was sent for. That discreet practitioner happened fortunately to be at home, and on his arrival at the school did his best to throw oil on the troubled waters. He advised concession. M. J. B. Constant's handwriting was undeniably genuine. M. J. B. Constant's wishes must be attended to. Moreover, there was nothing owing. Lily's bill was always paid in advance, and there were at least six months to run, to the next term of payment. The lady was evidently a lady. (To be sure, Mr. Drax had not seen her in a rage.) Clearly, the only course to adopt was to accede to her very rational demand.

It happened, at this conjuncture, that the strange lady's bearing underwent a remarkable change for the better. She condescended to smile on Mr. Drax. She told him that he had acted with great discretion: which expression tallied so exactly with the quality on which he so much prided himself that Mr. Drax was in ecstasies, and even Celia and Adelaide thought that their sister had been a little too hasty. To be sure, they, too, had not seen the handsome lady in a rage. She, on her part, volunteered the information that she was Lily's aunt, that her only object in temporarily removing her was to take her out for a holiday and purchase her some new clothes; and she faithfully promised to return with the child, on that self-same evening. Finally, a treaty of peace was arranged. As a matter of form, a fresh embassy was dispatched to Mrs. Bunnycastle, to obtain her consent, as chief of the establishment, to Miss Floris's temporary departure; but that good lady merely told her daughters that they might do as they liked, and expressed a desire not to be "worrited." Poor, placid Mrs. Bunnycastle: we shall see thee no more.

Lily, who had stood and wondered throughout the whole of this strange argument, was at length conducted to a bedroom and arrayed in her walking clothes. Miss Barbara it was who buttoned on her pelisse, and tied her hat beneath her dimpled chin; but Miss Barbara, although she had been forced to yield to superior numbers, was by no means satisfied in mind at the upshot of the dispute.

"You'll be sure to come back early this evening," she said, as, kneeling on the floor to adjust a bow, she gazed earnestly in the child's face.

"Yes, Miss Babby" (this was the petit nom which, of all the five-and-thirty boarders, Lily, the chartered pet of the establishment, was privileged to address Miss Barbara by).

"Yes, Miss Babby," Lily whimpered; "and I'm sure I don't want to go away at all."

"There, you mustn't cry," Miss Barbara, who was on the point of shedding tears herself, hastily interposed; "it's naughty, and not like a great girl, you know. Mind you're back by evening prayers. If you don't, you'll be punished." This was said with a touch of Miss Barbara Bunnycastle's ordinary and scholastic sententiousness; but her heart was not in her words, and, casting her arms around the little girl's neck, and without any valid reason in the world that I know of, she wept over her as though her heart would break.

The same quite irrational impulse led Miss Barbara, after Lily had been carried off in a kind of sweeping and defiant triumph by the strange lady who had so remarkable a temper, to shed many more tears. It was foolish, she admitted, but she couldn't help it. The child would be back soon. There was no harm in her going out. Her sisters were quite satisfied. Mr. Drax had pledged his discretion to the authenticity of J. B. Constant's autograph. But Miss Barbara mistrusted and Miss Barbara wept, she knew not why. Somehow, this little brown-haired blue-eyed maiden had twisted herself round her heart, and she felt as though the charming little parasite had been rudely torn away. She dried her eyes, and put on, as well as she could manage it, the scholastic countenance, and then she went down into the school-room and took a geography class. Her temper was tried in the usual manner. There was the usual average of stupid young ladies, careless young ladies, young ladies who were pert, and young ladies who were aggravating. She ground, for the five thousandth time, the dreary old barrel-organ to its accustomed round of tunes, but her spirit was far away. Her heart yearned for Lily. She distributed good marks and bad marks unconsciously, and she was inexpressibly grateful for tea-time: not alone because her wearisome task was over, but because the time had grown nearer when she thought the child would return.

That a schoolmistress is a "cross old thing," and nothing more, whole generations of young ladies have unanimously agreed. In regions far remote from the school-room and its petty verdicts, polite society finds little difficulty in setting down the governess as a prim, precise, fastidious personage, full of angular ways and ludicrous rigidity. She is somebody to be caricatured, or snubbed, or superciliously patronized. Ah! if we only thought a little more of what she had to go through. Ah! if we only reflected a little on how sick grows the head that has to listen to the strains, how numbed grows the hand that has to turn, turn, turn, that everlasting barrel-organ! Men, with a smug complacency, repeat, one after the other, that women have a special aptitude for teaching; that they are patient, willing, persuasive, and the rest; and then, with pitiless politeness, condemn them to grind the barrel-organ for the term of their natural lives. That men are not so eminently fitted for the task of tuition is shown by their losing patience half a dozen times in the course of a lesson, and falling on the cubs they are licking into shape and thrashing them fiercely; but gentle, long-suffering woman is contented to go on mildly nagging, and wrangling, and moralizing over the cubs, when they decline to dance to the very genteelest of tunes. In the female wards of every lunatic asylum you are sure to meet with one or two demented schoolmistresses. I often wonder that for the one or two I don't meet a dozen.

Tea-time came and went; then play-hour; then study-hour; at last the times for reading prayers and going to bed. Miss Floris had not come back. Her continued absence was common talk in the school-room. Among the girls, one party, the more imaginative, speculated on the dreadful things that would be done to a pupil who staid beyond her leave; another, and more practical section, opined that Lily would be held harmless, seeing what a favorite she was with the authorities.

Time went on, and the Miss Bunnycastles sat down to that supper which they were too sick at heart to eat. The clock was on the stroke of ten when the outer gate bell rang.

"'Tis she! 'tis Miss Floris!" cried Barbara; "the dear little thing!"

"The naughty little minx, rather!" added Celia, with some asperity.

"Perhaps it isn't her fault," pleaded Adelaide; "she may have been taken ill. But here she is!"

The door opened, and the maid appeared, with a scared face, announcing not Lily, but a gentleman; and, close upon her heels, there followed, nearly breathless with haste, nearly wild with excitement, Jean Baptiste Constant.

"The child!" he cried; "the child, dear ladies! Has she come back?"

A trembling negative had to be returned to his question.

"Oh! I am ruined, I am ruined!" the Swiss went on. "Where is she? What have you done with her? Oh! my little, little Lily. She has been stolen, stolen by that monster of a woman. Malediction!"

And for a long time this was all that could be got out of J. B. Constant. He persisted in declaring that he was ruined. By degrees he calmed down a little, and explained that at five o'clock that afternoon he had seen the child pass, in a hackney-coach, with a person in whose company (so with much vehemence he declared) she had no right to be. It was in Regent Street. He had followed the coach as rapidly as he could, and, by voice and gestures, had endeavored to arrest its progress. But all was in vain. The place was Regent Street; the time, the full tide of afternoon life. At length, in despair, he had been compelled to abandon the chase, vainly endeavoring to persuade himself that he might have been mistaken. He had made scores of inquiries—perquisitions, he called them—in places whither he thought it at least faintly probable that Lily might have been conveyed, and at length he had come to Rhododendron House.

The Bunnycastles could do little to console him. They made the most of their reluctance to allow Lily to leave; but what were they to do? They had long hesitated, but had at last acted on the advice of Mr. Drax, a trusted and discreet friend.

"Curse Mr. Drax!" cried the valet, fiercely. "Drax is a goose, a pig, a donkey!" And I am afraid the discomfited Miss Bunnycastles felt at that moment very much inclined to agree with J. B. C. Drax's renown for discretion was gone forever.

They showed J. B. Constant the note purporting to be in his handwriting. He flung it from him with something very like an oath and a yell of rage.

"A forgery, an infamous forgery!" he cried, distractedly. "Fool that I was not to have forseen the possibility of such a fraud! That woman would do any thing!"

"And whatever will your master say?" naïvely remarked Miss Adelaide, who had been eying the valet with much curiosity.

"My master!" he repeated; "burn my master! This little angel was worth twenty thousand masters to me."

Grief made him garrulous, but his communicativeness was not of a nature to satisfy the Bunnycastles. As the payments had all been made in advance, and the customary references dispensed with, they felt the indelicacy of pressing him with direct questions. Very little that was definite could be extracted from J. B. Constant. He would mention no names; but when the card of Madame la Comtesse de Prannes was shown to him, he tore it, contemptuously, in half, and muttered, "Bah! one of her twenty aliases."

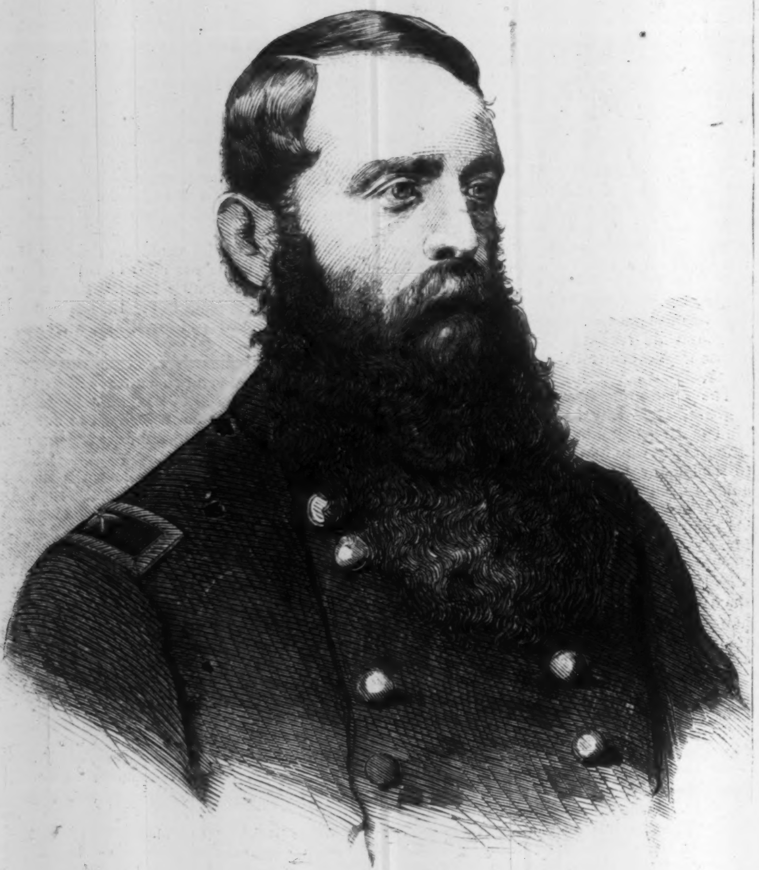
The council remained in session until an hour was attained quite unexampled in the annals of this well-conducted establishment. But Lily did not come back. Indeed to Rhododendron House she was not to return again. J. B. Constant, with lowering looks, but with many protestations of regret at having disturbed the ladies, took his leave, saying, that if the child did not come back they were very welcome to keep what remained of her wardrobe as some slight compensation for the trouble they had taken. And then the Bunnycastles were left desolate. The compensation was very slight indeed. Barbara had to mourn the loss of her darling, and would not be comforted; and her two more practical sisters were bound in bitterness to acknowledge that the payments, having been made in advance, they could not demand even so much as a quarter's notice for the sudden removal of their young lady-boarder.

GAMBLING IN STOCKS.

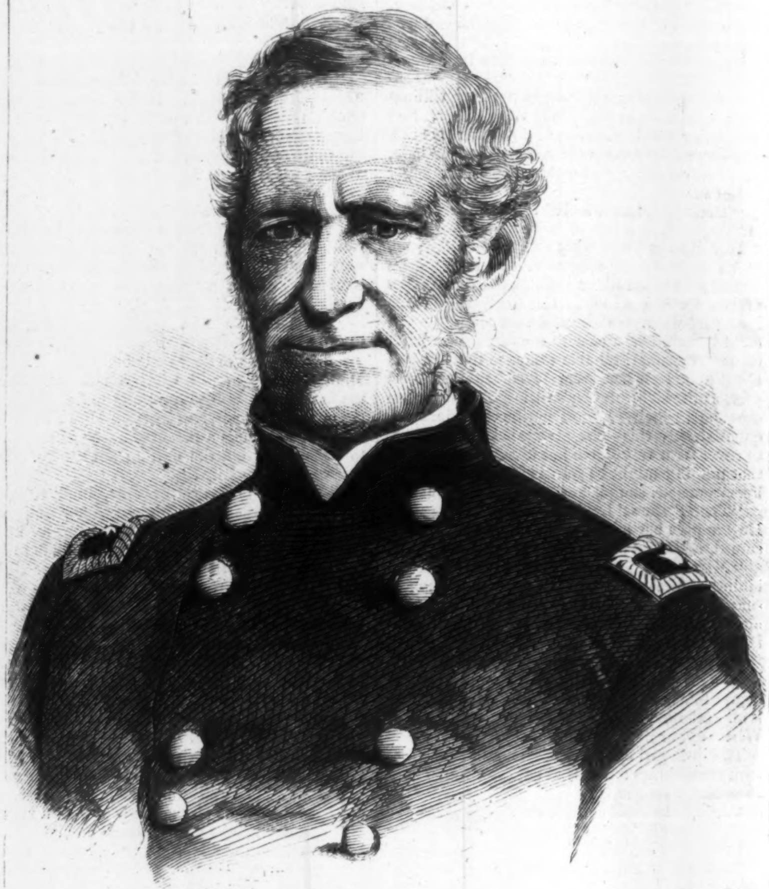
The excitement attending stock-gambling is finely depicted in our sketch on page 296. The scene here represented is one that may be seen nightly at the new stock-board in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where operators, whose eagerness for speculation is not satisfied by their day-experience, congregate in numbers and gamble far into the night.

GENERAL GREGG.

Brigadier-General David M. Gregg, whose portrait we give on page 300, is a native of Pennsylvania, and is only thirty years of age. He entered West Point as a cadet in 1851, and graduated on the 30th of June, 1855, standing No. 8 in his class, among the members of which were Generals Weitzel, Torbert, Hazen, Merrill, Du Bois, Averill, Colonel Colburn, and many others in the Union army. On the 1st of July, 1855, he was brevetted Second Lieutenant of the Second Dragoons, and was transferred to the First Dragoons, with full rank, on the 4th of September, 1855. He was distinguished in several conflicts with the Indians in Washington Territory, in September, 1858, and in the early part of 1861 was promoted to a First Lieutenancy. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was further promoted to a Captaincy in the Sixth United States Cavalry (a new regiment), and afterward was appointed Colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, or Eighty-ninth Regiment of Volunteers. He served during the peninsula campaign, and was brevetted Major of the United States Army for meritorious services in reconnoissances before Richmond from July 1, 1862. At the death of General Bayard at Fredericksburg, he was, on the 14th of December, 1862, appointed to the command of his Brigade, with rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers from November 29, 1862. This appointment was confirmed in March, 1863. In February, 1863, he was appointed commander of the Third Division of Cavalry under General Stoneman, and in that position distinguished himself on several occasions. At present he commands the Second Division of the cavalry corps. He is among the most capable and daring cavalry officers in the service, and with Custer, Pleasanton, Kilpatrick, Sheridan, and others, has stamped his name indelibly on the annals of our great conflict.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID M. GREGG.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 299.]



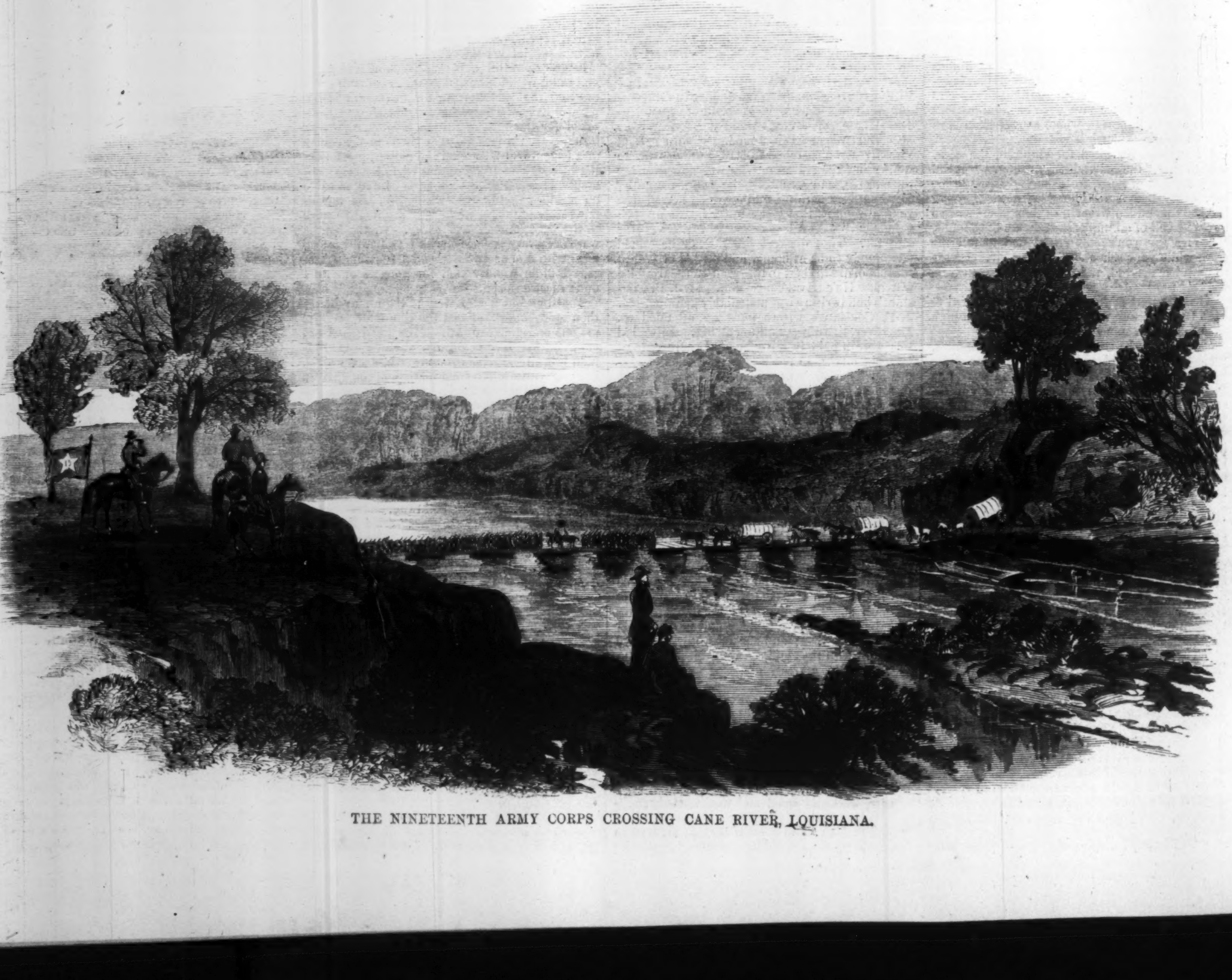
ADJUTANT-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS.—[Photographed by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

THE NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS CROSSING CANE RIVER, LA.

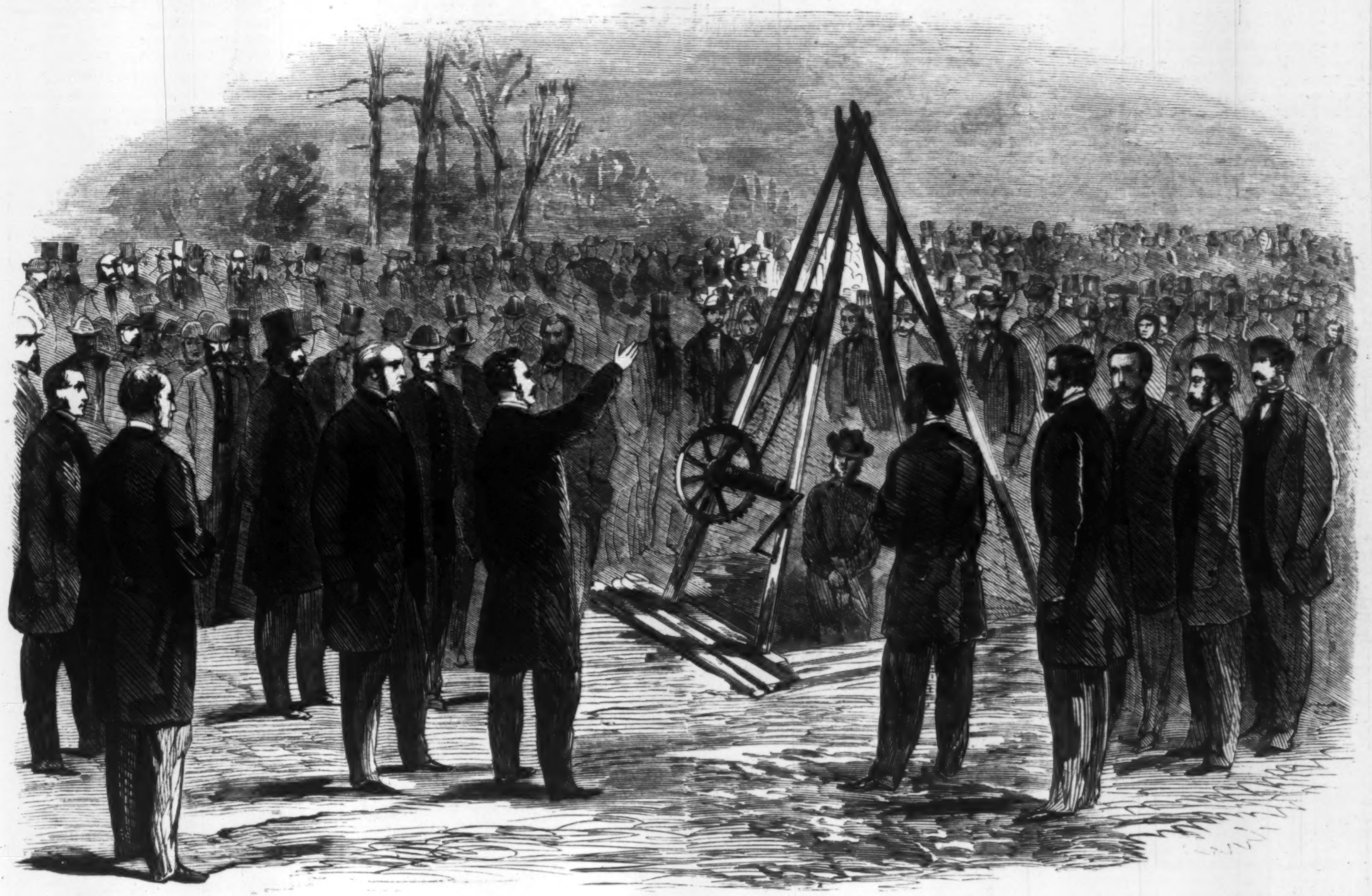
We give below a sketch of the Nineteenth Army Corps, belonging to General Banks's army, crossing Cane River, Louisiana, on a pontoon bridge. The crossing took place on the 31st of March, two days having been occupied in laying the bridge. Cane River, thirty-five miles above Alexandria, is one of the more considerable streams that flow into or out of Red River, according to the relative height of the water in the two streams. Like Red River, its banks are divided at short intervals by sloughs, or bayous, as they are called by the natives, which are sometimes magnified by rains into small rivers, and sometimes as dry as a brick sidewalk. Cane River is a fixed stream, its waters being supplied by the drainage from the higher lands on its west side. As its name implies its banks are lined with extensive "cane-brakes," which in some places cover many thousand acres, and furnish grazing for large herds of cattle. Two days after crossing the river the Federal cavalry engaged the enemy in force, and defeated them with heavy loss. All the rebel cavalry engaged were under command of General Dick Taylor. The entire force of the enemy amounted to about 10,000. The success at that point will give Cane River a historic importance.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS.

We present on this page a portrait of Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas, whose name has been prominently before the public during the whole of the present war. General Thomas is a native of Delaware; he entered West Point in September, 1819, and in July, 1823, was made Second Lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry. From March, 1828, to February, 1831, he acted as Adjutant, and in 1836 was made Captain. In September, 1836, he became Assistant Quarter-master, and in July, 1838, was made Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Major. In September, 1846, he was made brevet Lieutenant-Colonel "for gallantry and meritorious conduct in the several conflicts at Monterey, Mexico." Subsequently, he was made Major of the Fourth Infantry, and relinquished his rank in the line. On the 15th of July, 1852, he became Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. At the commencement of the war he occupied this position, but for several months past has been engaged in the West in the organization of negro regiments, and the superintendence of the work of establishing the Free Labor system on abandoned plantations. In this work he has displayed great energy and wisdom.



THE NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS CROSSING CANE RIVER, LOUISIANA.



THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

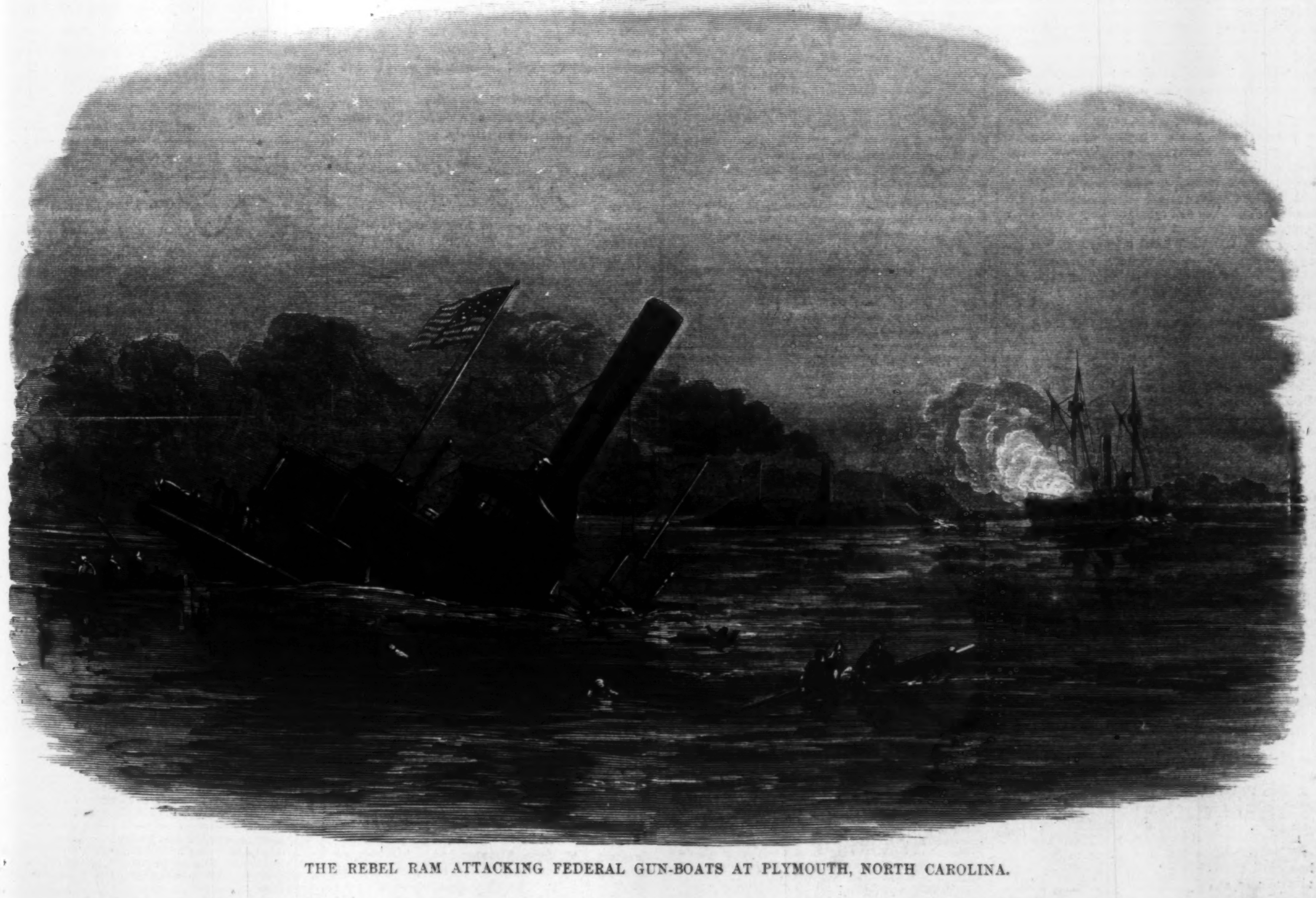
THE three hundredth anniversary of the birth of SHAKESPEARE was commemorated (April 23) in New York by laying the corner-stone of a Monument to his memory in Central Park. The ceremonies were witnessed by a number of distinguished citizens. The principal features of the occasion were addresses by Judge DALY and Mr. WHEATLEY, who recited an original poem, and the formal laying of the stone by Mr. HACKETT. The ceremonies closed by the formal acceptance of the monument by Mayor GUNTHER on behalf of the city. The site of the proposed statue is at the south end of the Mall, one of the most attractive and delightful within the limits of the grounds. A space staked off and surrounded with ropes protects the excavation, in which rests an oblong block of granite, bearing the following inscription:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
APRIL 23, 1864.

The Monument will add another permanent attraction to the Park.

THE REBEL RAM AT PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA.

WE give on this page a sketch of the encounter between the Rebel Ram and the Federal gun-boat *Miami* in the Roanoke River, near Plymouth, North Carolina. Our sketch shows the gun-boat *Southfield* in a sinking condition, having been run down by the Ram. The *Southfield* was formerly a ferry-boat, and carried a battery of six guns. Upon finding the *Southfield* disabled, the Ram gave chase to the *Miami*. Captain FLUSSER stood by the large gun, and asked what charge it contained. He was answered, "A shell;" and he made the remark, "Let us fire this, and afterward we will give him a better dose, solid shot." Captain FLUSSER sighted the gun himself, the iron-clad being only a half-length from him. The shell fired was a 10-second fuse, which struck the roof of the Ram, rebounded, and hit Captain FLUSSER. In striking him the shell exploded, and killed the gallant officer instantly, almost tearing him to pieces. The *Miami* then retired below Plymouth, having succeeded in picking up a number of the officers and crew of the *Southfield*.



THE REBEL RAM ATTACKING FEDERAL GUN-BOATS AT PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA.

BURIED ALIVE.

My name is Daniel Tyler, and my skin is dark, as my mother's was before me. I have heard that my father had a white face, but I think his heart and life were blacker than my mother's skin. I was born a slave, and remained a slave until last April, when I found deliverance and shelter under the flag that my master was fighting to dishonor.

I shall never forget the day when freedom came to me. I was working in the fields down in Alabama, my heart full of bitterness and unutterable longings. I had dreamed for two long years of escape from my bondage; the thought sung to me through the dark nights, and filled all the days with a weird sort of nervous expectation. But my dreams had proved nothing more than dreams; the opportunity I yearned for did not come. But that day, working in the fields, suddenly along the dusty road there flashed a long column of loyal cavalry, the old flag flying at its head. How my heart leaped at the sight; how, like a revelation, came the thought: "This, Daniel Tyler, is your opportunity!" Need I tell you how I acted upon that thought; how, in one second of time, I leaped out of slavery into freedom, and from a slave became a man?

Well, joining the flashing column, I rode with them for days, coming at last into Baton Rouge, and thence, having joined a regiment of my own people, came to Memphis. Thence four hundred of us came to Fort Pillow. But there are not four hundred of us to-day, for three hundred and odd were murdered in cold blood only a week ago by Forrest's rough-riders.

It was a day of horrors—that 12th of March. There were seven hundred of us in all in the fort—three hundred whites of the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry, and four hundred blacks, as I have said, all under command of brave Major Booth. The fort consisted simply of earth-works, on which we had mounted half a dozen guns. We knew that Forrest had been pillaging the country all about us, and imagined that perhaps he would pay us a visit; but the thought did not alarm us, though we knew, those of us who were black, that we had little to expect at the hands of the rebels. At last, about sunrise on the morning of the 12th, Forrest, with some 6000 men, appeared and at once commenced an attack. We met the assault bravely, and for two hours the fight went on briskly. Then a flag of truce came in from Forrest, asking an unconditional surrender, but Major Bradford—Major Booth having been wounded—declined to surrender unless the enemy would treat those of us who were black as prisoners of war, which, of course, they refused to do, and the fight went on. The enemy, in the next few hours, made several desperate charges, but were each time repulsed. At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, they sent in another flag. We ceased firing out of respect to the flag; but Forrest's men had no such notions of honor and good faith. The moment we stopped firing they swarmed all about the fort, and while the flag was yet withdrawing, made a desperate charge from all sides. Up to that time only about thirty of our men had been hurt. But in this charge the enemy got within the earth-works, and forthwith there ensued a scene which no pen can describe. Seeing that all resistance was useless, most of us threw down our arms, expecting, and many begging for, quarter. But it was in vain. Murder was in every rebel heart; flamed in every rebel eye. Indiscriminate massacre followed instantly upon our surrender. Some of us, seeking shelter, ran to the river and tried to conceal ourselves in the bushes, but for the most part in vain. The savages, pursuing, shot down the fugitives in their tracks. There was Manuel Nichols, as brave a soldier as ever carried a musket. He had been a free negro in Michigan, but volunteered a year ago to fight for the Union. He, with others, had sought a shelter under the bank of the river, but a cold-blooded monster found him, and putting a pistol close to his head, fired, failing however to kill the brave fellow. He was then hacked on the arm, and only a day after died, delirious, in the hospital. Then there was Robert Hall, another colored soldier, who was lying sick in the hospital when the massacre commenced. The devils gashed his head horribly with their sabres, and then cut off part of his right hand, which he had lifted in a mute appeal for mercy. Then there was Harrison, of the Thirteenth Tennessee, who was shot four times after surrender, and then robbed of all his effects. Before I was shot, running along the river bank, I counted fifty dead Union soldiers lying in their blood. One had crawled into a hollow log and was killed in it, another had got over the bank in the river, and on to a board that run out into the water. He laid on it on his face, with his feet in the water, and when I saw him was already stark and stiff. Several had tried to hide in crevices made by the falling bank, and could not be seen without difficulty, but they were singled out and killed. One negro corporal, Jacob Wilson, who was down on the river bank, seeing that no quarter was shown, stepped into the water so that he lay partly under it. A rebel coming along asked him what was the matter: he said he was badly wounded, and the rebel, after taking from his pocket all the money he had, left him. It happened to be near by a flat-boat tied to the bank. When all was quiet Wilson crawled into it, and got three more wounded comrades also into it, and cut loose. The boat floated out into the channel and was found ashore some miles below. There were, alas, few such fortunate escapes!

I was shot near the river just about dark. Running for my life, a burly rebel struck me with his carbine, putting out one eye, and then shot me in two places. I thought he would certainly leave me with that, but I was mistaken. With half a dozen others, I was at once picked up and carried to a ditch, into which we were tossed like so many brutes, white and black together. Then they covered us with loose dirt, and left us to die. Oh, how dark and desolate it was! Under me were several dead, and right across my breast lay a white soldier, still alive! How he clutched and strained! How, hurt and weak as I was, with only one hand free, I struggled for air and life, feeling my strength waning every moment! It was a strange thing to lie there buried, and yet be able to think and pray. Maybe, friend, you have known what agony was, but you never had such pains of soul as I had down there in that living grave. I thought I could feel the worms gnawing at my flesh; I am sure I had a taste of what death is, with the added pain of knowing that I was not dead, and yet unable to live in that dark, dismal tomb. So I clutched and strained and struggled on, digging upward as I could with my one puny hand. At last—oh joy!—a faint streak of light looked in; my hand had carved an avenue to the world of life! But would I dare to lift my head? Might not some rebel, standing by, strike me down again on the moment? But I could not die *there* in that grave; I *must* escape. Slowly, painfully, I rolled the burden from my breast—*he* was dead by that time—and then carefully crept out from that living death. It was dark, and no one was near. A moment I stood up on my feet; then—

The next thing I remember I was in the hospital where I am now. They had found me just where I fell, and brought me to a place of safety, where, after a while, consciousness returned. I have been here a week now; and I think I shall get well.

I lie in the cot where poor Robert Hall lay when he was butchered by the rebels. They showed me, yesterday, a letter he had written the day before the massacre to his wife. He had learned to read and write at Memphis, after his enlistment, and used to send a message to his wife and children, who still remained there, every week or so. This was his letter which a surgeon had helped him put together:

> "DEAR MAMMY"—it ran—"I am very sick here in the hospital, but am better than I was, and hope to get well soon. They have been very kind to me; and I find it very sweet to suffer for the dear flag that gives me shelter. You must not worry on my account. Tell Katy she must not forget to say her prayers and to study her lessons carefully now while she has an opportunity. And, mammy, take good care of the baby; I dreamed of her last night, and I think how sad it would be to die and never see her little face again. But then chaplain says it will all be right in heaven, and he knows better than we do. And, mammy, don't forget we are free now; teach both the darlings to be worthy of their estate."

That was poor Hall's letter—it had not been sent, and we have no heart to send it now. He will never see the baby's face here; but then God may let him see it up yonder!

I hope to recover and get away from here very soon; I want to be in my place again; for I have something to avenge now, and I can not bear to wait. Poor Hall's blood is crying to me from the ground; and I want to be able, sometime, to say to Manuel Nichols's wife, up there in Michigan, that *his* fall has had its compensation. And may God speed the day when this whole slaveholders' rebellion—what remains of it—shall be "Buried Alive!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

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Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
14 Chambers St., N. Y., or 165 William Street, N. Y.

U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 6, 1864, which provides that in lieu of so much of the loan authorized by the Act of March 3, 1863, to which this is supplementary, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to borrow from time to time, on the credit of the United States, not exceeding TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS during the current fiscal year, and to prepare and issue therefor Coupon and Registered Bonds of the United States: and all Bonds issued under this Act shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any State or municipal authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. They are TO BE REDEEMED IN COIN at the pleasure of the Government, at any period *not less than ten nor more than forty years* from their date, and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually, and on all other Bonds semi-annually.

The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year. The semi-annual Coupons are payable at those dates, and the annual Coupons on the 50 and 100 dollar Bonds are payable on the 1st of March.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), One Thousand Dollars ($1000), Five Thousand Dollars ($5000), and Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000), and Coupon Bonds of the denomination of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), and One Thousand Dollars ($1000).

Subscribers to this loan will have the option of having their Bonds draw interest from March 1, by paying the accrued interest in coin—(or in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent. for premium), or receive them drawing interest from the date of subscription and deposit.

As these Bonds are exempt from municipal or State taxation, their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of tax levies in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay over eight per cent. interest in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties or stock companies or separate communities only is pledged for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole property of the country is holden to secure the payment of both principal and interest in coin.

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Upon the receipt of subscriptions a certificate of deposit therefor, in duplicate, will be issued, the original of which will be forwarded by the subscriber to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, with a letter stating the kind [registered or coupon] and the denominations of bond required.

Upon the receipt of the original certificates at the Treasury Department, the bonds subscribed for will be transmitted to the subscribers respectively.

Subscriptions will be received by the *Treasurer of the United States* at Washington, and the *Assistant Treasurers* at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and by the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK, No. 4 Wall St.
SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK, 23d St. and Broadway.
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MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

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These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

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The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

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Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

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For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
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For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

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For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

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In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

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TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

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GAS the CHEAPEST FUEL.
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An infallible cure for "Female Weakness," and all Uterine complaints of women.
Price **$1 50** per bottle. Five bottles for SIX DOLLARS.

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The best Pill in the world for family use, and for all Bilious and Liver complaints. Price **25** cents per box.

Address all orders to J. F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
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This remedy has been used in the family of the proprietor and his friends for many years, and they have induced him to offer it for sale to the public, feeling confident, after a trial, that they will consider him a public benefactor.

In cases of Chronic and Inflammatory Rheumatism it is invaluable; and if, after a fair trial, it fails to cure, the money will be returned. Price $1 per bottle.

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200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	18 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
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5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
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6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

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In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

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At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

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ARRANDALE & CO., Importers, 212 Broadway, New York, want Agents in every county and every regiment, for the sale of their new styles of Watches. Unusually liberal terms are offered to Agents. Send for circular.

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IN PLAYING CARDS.
LOVE SCENES.
Designs from French Artists.

The above new Card has fifty-two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Enclose 50 cents and two red stamps, and send for sample pack. $5 per dozen. Liberal discount by gross to dealers. H. A. CASWELL, 60 Nassau St., New York.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS vs. FEVERS.

Fevers are caused by an effort of Nature to throw out from the body poison that has been absorbed, either from another body, from checked perspiration of our own body, or from the atmosphere. Putrid exhalations, whether from living or dead bodies, or from swamps, or decayed vegetable matter, will produce fever. THE GENERAL EFFECT IS TO DIMINISH THE POWERS OF LIFE. Should these exhalations form part of the air we breathe, they are carried into our fluids through the lungs, and actually act as a CORROSIVE POISON, which seriously disorders the digestive organs, and occasions the deposit of offensive matters in the liver, and particularly in the stomach and bowels. If timely medicine is not administered to unload these organs of their unhealthy contents, they may be so excited by diseased actions as to ulcerate, and then no means will scarcely save life. What shall we do under these circumstances? When you are affected with dizziness, pain in the head, confusion of ideas, dimness of sight, pain in the back, loins, and side, sickness of stomach, or a general weariness, take at once four or six of

BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,

and repeat every four hours until they have operated well upon the bowels.

Remember, this evacuation, produced by these celebrated Pills, does not weaken, but the patient is usually stronger, because they have removed the cause of weakness—the CORRUPT HUMORS WHICH WEIGHED DOWN HIS LIFE PRINCIPLE. This evacuation of the bowels is most necessary in all malignant diseases, but more particularly in Yellow Fever, and all fevers and violent diseases generally; for the stomach and bowels are the parts most effected in all diseases of a severe character, whether they appear so or not, as is proved by what is brought away. But, by purging them with Brandreth's Pills, their putrid contents are timely discharged before they produce incurable effects. This timely evacuation not only cleanses the bowels, but

THE BLOOD IS ALSO FREED FROM A LOAD OF DEPRAVED HUMORS.

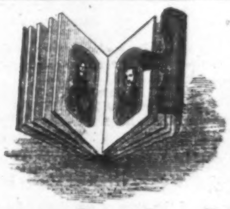
I have often noticed, in cases of fever, that, after a few doses of Pills, the vital powers were so restored that a gentle sweat has broken out and carried off all remains of fever, and the patient has been well in a few days.

WEAKNESS OF THE BODY.

Let not an ill-timed fear about the weakness of the body prevent the Pills being given and continued until the bowels have been most thoroughly evacuated of their contents; for it is this very weakness which calls for this treatment, which nature ever attempts, but is often not able to accomplish unaided by Brandreth's Pills. Believe me, ye sick, it is the only method by which your lives can be CERTAINLY SAVED. I can affirm that I have given Brandreth's Pills in these cases when the patient was so weak he could not walk across the room without help, and the pulse so feeble as to be scarcely felt, and the general prostration extreme, and yet, after the Pills had operated, he was stronger, as was evident to himself and all around him.

The U. S. 10-40 Loan.

Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents were not issued from the Treasury at Washington until March 26th. The Banks did not generally begin to receive subscriptions until one week later, and in distant parts of the country have yet hardly begun to work, but the subscriptions reported by mail to the Treasury up to April 22d, amount to over $33,000,000, and the sum actually subscribed but not yet reported at that date is much greater. The attempts of interested parties to compel the Secretary of the Treasury to raise the rate of interest on this loan have signally failed. The experience of the last few weeks gives us every reason to believe that all the money the Treasury desires to borrow, can be obtained for five per cent. interest in gold.



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A small treatise, with valuable recipes on this subject, will be sent FREE, by mail, to persons who will send their address to E. KETCHAM & CO., 289 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Preparations of JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., of Boston, are the "*ne plus ultra.*" Sold every where.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

COPY. INDIANAPOLIS, April 12, 1864.

B. T. BABBITT, New York—*Dear Sir:* Inclosed I send you a check for $36. You will please send me six boxes of your French Chemical Erasive Soap. I wish two for myself, two for a friend, and two for a grocery merchant in our city, whom I want to keep it for sale hereafter, and he wishes to try it. I first ordered it from you three or four years ago, and have used it ever since. My wife thinks she can not do without it; she informs me that the girl is enabled to do her washing in half the time required with ordinary soap, and has the clothes cleaner and whiter. We are both fully satisfied that clothes like shirts, or other articles requiring much rubbing, last fully one half longer or more when washed with the Erasive Soap, as so much rubbing is saved; and a still greater saving is made in the way of fuel, in not boiling the clothes. This matter of not boiling the clothes puzzled her for a long time; she had had her clothes boiled all her life, and could hardly give it up; but she soon found it was entirely unnecessary, and that clothes unboiled were a great deal cleaner and whiter than when boiled; boiling seemed to boil the dirt into them, or to make them yellow, but when left without boiling they were white as snow. I intend to get some of our grocery merchants to keep it hereafter, so we can get it with less trouble. Should this amount not pay for six boxes of sixty pounds each, write me, and I will send you the balance; and if it overpays, send seven or whatever it pays for.

Send by Merchants' or Great Western Dispatch, to
J. S. DUNLOP, Indianapolis, Indiana.

N.B.—Above letter refers to B. T. BABBITT'S celebrated NEW YORK CITY SOAP, manufactured at Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., New York, and for sale every where.

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The bounty of $100 due to soldiers who have been discharged on account of wounds received in battle, is now being paid at THE UNITED STATES ARMY AGENCY, 64 Bleecker Street, New York, opposite Pay Department. The discharge must be presented by the soldier; when residing out of the city the discharge can be sent by mail, giving distinctly the name and post-office address of the applicant.

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The best assortment of Enameled Furniture in all colors and styles, walnut and chestnut, plain and ornamental, in suits, wholesale and retail. Also Mattresses and Paillasses. WARREN WARD, 277 Canal St., N. Y.

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NEW GOLD PEN.

This gold pen is something entirely new, and is now offered to the public for the first time, and is made by an entirely new process, enabling us to offer them very cheap. Every pen is warranted one year, and to be genuine diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity and writing qualities of the highest priced gold pen made. Single pens sent by mail on receipt of the following prices:

WITH SILVER-MOUNTED EBONY HOLDERS, IN MOROCCO CASES.

No. 2. Medium Pen and Holder,	each	90 cents.
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